

The Sketch

No. 884.—Vol. LXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1910.

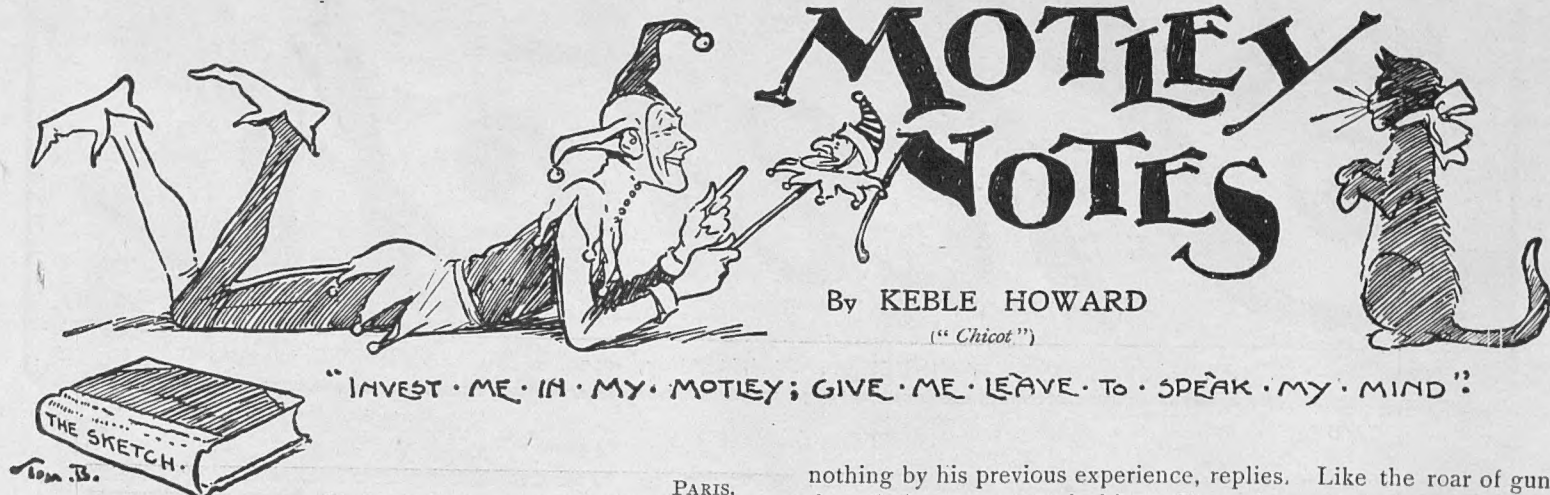
SIXPENCE.



SUSPENDED ANIMATION: MISS OLIVE MAY AS MARY GIBBS IN "OUR MISS GIBBS," AT THE GAIETY.

Miss Olive May is playing the leading part in "Our Miss Gibbs" during the temporary absence of Miss Gertie Millar.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



The Despised Air-Ship.

PARIS.

I saw a queer old thing this morning. 'Twas, an you will believe me, an air-ship! It came sailing down the Rue de Rivoli, passed over the Tuileries Gardens, and headed for the Eiffel Tower. It looked very pretty against the blue sky, the sun shining on the bright blades of the propeller. We admired it, those of us who had time, as an interesting relic. It aroused in us much the same sensations as a tricycle at a motor-show. The children, who knew no better, pointed fingers of scorn at it. The errand-boys laughed aloud, and shouted offensive advice at the luckless navigators. The older folk, however, their bump of reverence being better developed, respected the misshapen, unwieldy carcase. It made them think solemnly of the year that was gone, of the rapid flight of time, and cooling *déjeuner*. The air-ship, in the meantime, fondly imagining that it was creating a great sensation in the streets of Paris, rose five hundred feet above the Eiffel Tower, and did its honest old best to get round it. There was no wind to matter, but enough to make sport of the air-ship. Again and again she shifted her helm; again and again, like some old battered hulk of a sailing-vessel in a high breeze, she dipped and curtsied. Then, at last, she thought better of it, and drifted away to St. Cloud. Tears stood in the eyes of the sympathetic.

The Petty Official in Paris.

When I get back to London, I shall spend a good deal of my time, for the first few weeks, in post-offices. There is a ready welcome, a cheeriness, a gentle courtesy, a pleasant leave-taking to be met with in an English post-office, as compared with the Parisian, that must astonish Parisians who stay for any length of time in London. In London, it is generally admitted by the authorities and the officers in charge that the post-office exists for the convenience of the public. That is not the case in Paris. In Paris, the post-office is an over-heated *salon* for the luxurious comfort and ease of the gentlemen who spend their day on the more roomy side of the counter. In London, the post-office clerks, whatever you may say of them in your impatience, do attend to your needs when they are not attending to the needs of another customer. In Paris, the sybarites lolling on chairs behind the counter attend to your needs between intervals of exchanging pleasantries, reading newspapers, and making caricatures of you on their blotting-paper. The public, in consequence, has been reduced to a fine state of humility. They preface every request with an abject apology, and back away from the counter with a "*Merci bien! Merci bien!*" and blanched faces. Personally, I am beginning to get known at my post-office. I can buy a stamp in just under twenty minutes.

The Gordian Knot.

But the time of all times to be inside a Parisian post-office is when some point happens to arise a little outside of the usual routine. The clerk to whose notice it is first brought begins, well enough, by losing his temper. This attracts the attention of the friend to the right of him and the friend to the left of him. They lean over his desk, look at the hated, unfamiliar document that is lying on it, inspect the customer who has presented it, look at the document again, shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and await developments. This is a trick; the unwary customer is pretty sure to make a remark, apologetically explanatory. That is their cue. With one consent, they raise their bearded faces and shout at him. The other four clerks, leaving their handsomely appointed stools, gather round and, in their turn, inspect the document. Whilst this is going on, the three leave off shouting. One of them puts a question, sharply, to the customer. The customer, having learnt

nothing by his previous experience, replies. Like the roar of guns, the whole seven attack him. They thrust their beards at him! Their shoulders go up and down like quivering blanc-manges! They snap their fingers! They grind their teeth! The customer, trembling in every limb, takes his document and hurries out. Good! That difficulty is settled.

Bitter Dialogue on a 'Bus.

If the Frenchman is afraid of the post-office clerk, however, he treats the 'bus-driver with far less ceremony than we accord him in London. I saw an instance of this a few nights ago. I happened to be on the roof of one of those three-horsed 'buses that run from the Place de la Bastille to the Madeleine. A little fat gentleman waved his *parapluie* at the driver. The driver pulled up, but not very quickly. It is not so easy, perhaps, to stop three large horses and a lumbering vehicle going downhill at a fair speed. At any rate, the little gentleman had to run some twenty or thirty yards through the mud. He was mad with fury, for he had stepped in a puddle—you could hardly run along the Grands Boulevards on a rainy evening without doing that—wetted his feet, and splashed his trousers. Climbing very quickly to the roof of the 'bus, he came right down to the driver, leaned across him, and thrust his nose in his face. "Why do you not stop," he shouted, "when I hold up my *parapluie*?"

"I did stop," said the driver.

"Yes, when I am splashed from head to foot and wet through to my *caleçons*!"

"Well, I stopped as soon as I could, didn't I? I didn't see you before."

"Didn't see me?" screamed the fat little man, almost falling off the roof of the 'bus in his passionate eagerness to screw his face square in front of that of the driver. "Didn't see me when I stand in the roadway for ten minutes waving my *parapluie* as hard as I can? A fig for that! I know what was the matter! I know why you did not stop! And, mark this, my friend: I shall report the matter at headquarters! You shall see! You shall suffer!"

"What are you going to report?" asked the driver, a little anxious.

"That you were *très occupé* looking at *les femmes*!"

"*Les femmes*!" The driver was shaken with angry laughter. "*Les femmes*!" He appealed to me. "Did you see any *femmes* for me to look at, *M'sieur*?"

I did not reply. I had no desire to be drawn into their wrangle. Besides, the fat little gentleman would probably have attempted to push me off the 'bus. I had too much respect for my *caleçons*.

My Naughty Blanchisseuse.

I often used to threaten, when living in London, to send my washing to France. Another pricked bubble! Paris washing is just as maddening as that of London, if not a little more so. I had a terrible scene, only last night, with my *blanchisseuse*. We both talked at once. She admitted that my *faux cols* were splashed all over with marking-ink, that the collars of my shirts were stiff as boards, that she had even starched the backs of the shirts themselves, that pyjamas had been sent home half-dried, that the front of a new dress-shirt had been entirely ruined. All these things, as I say, she willingly admitted. But in every case there was an excellent reason, if *M'sieur* would only listen to it. In the end, as I need hardly tell you, *M'sieur* did listen, and she went off with a small heap of francs and a beaming smile. That is the charm of the French. They are very naughty, but their smile atones for all.

THE CHIPPENDALE LEGS OF A GAIETY FAVOURITE.

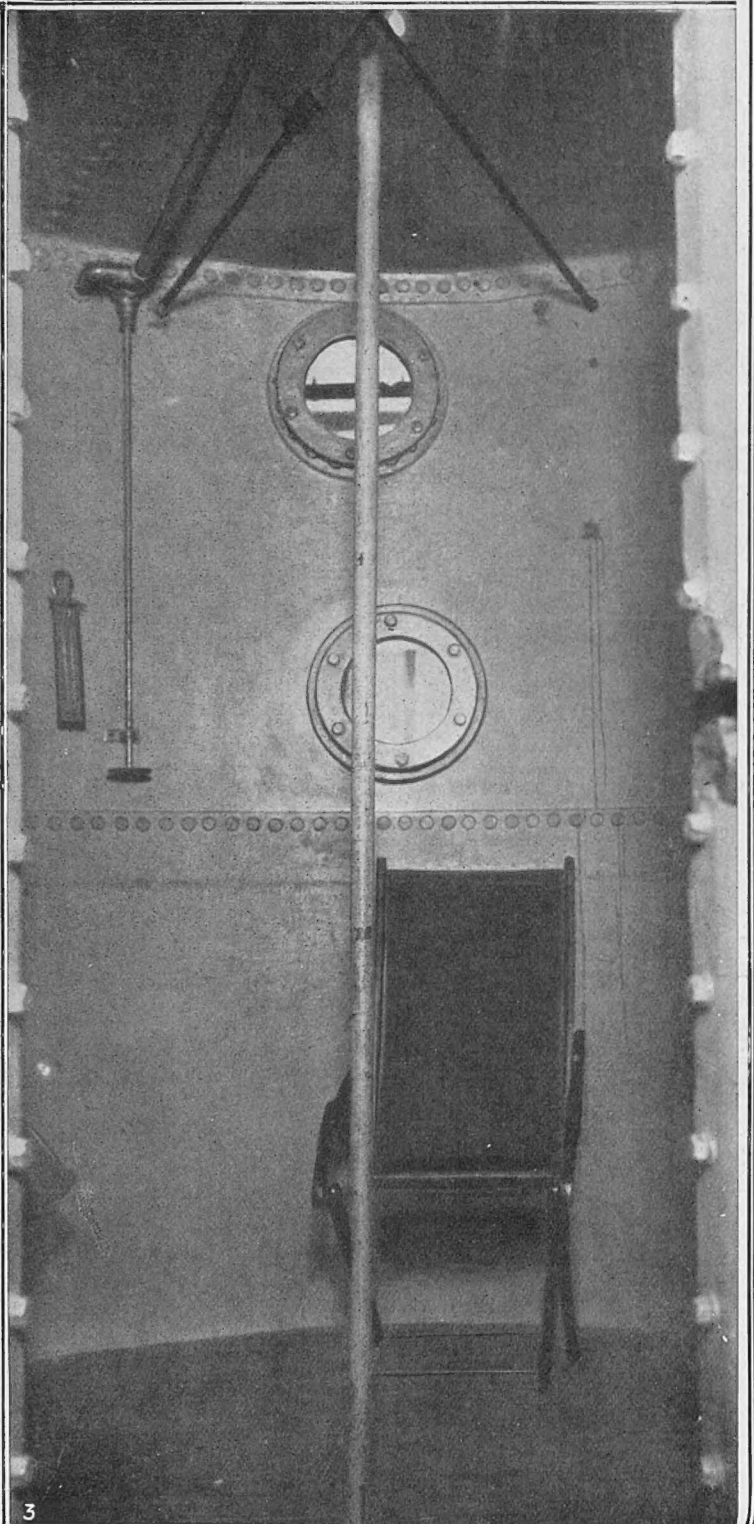
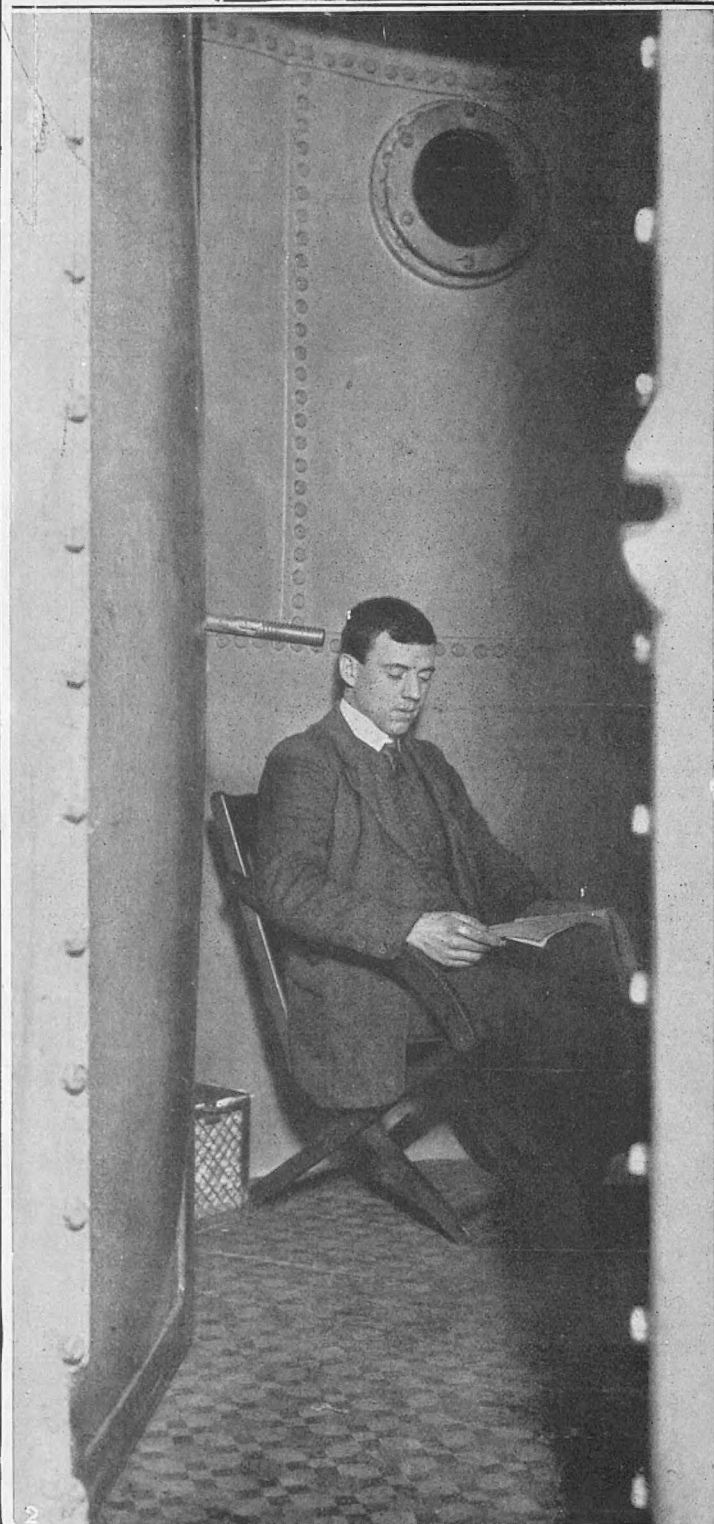
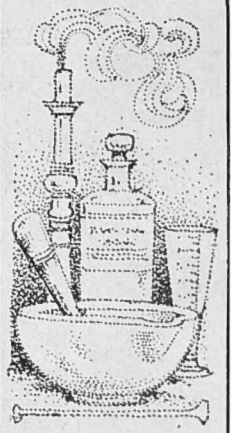
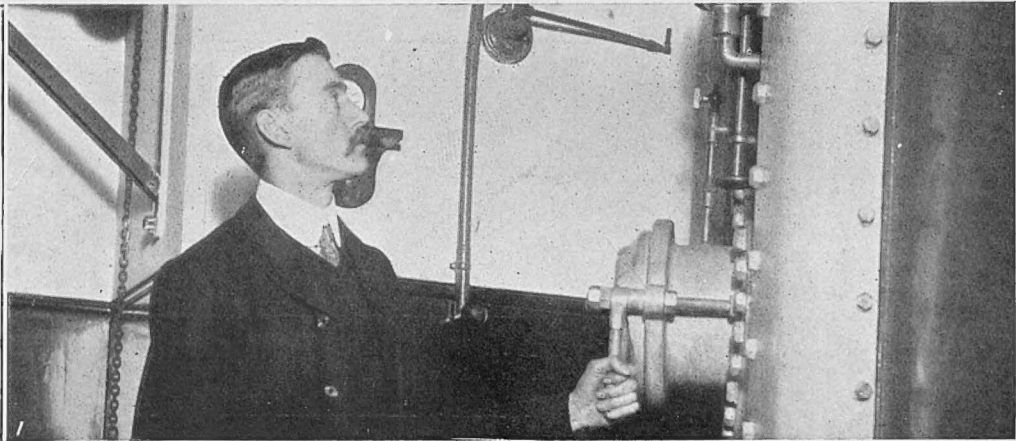
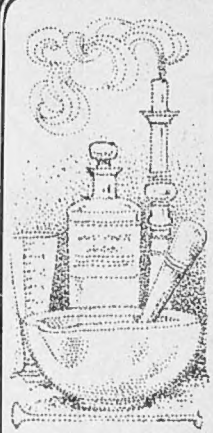


REMARKABLY WELL TURNED, TOO: THE LIMBS THAT HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED AS "THE CHIPPENDALE LEGS."

A writer in the "Referee" has made a discovery. "It is some time ago," he said the other day, "that a dainty little dancer at the Gaiety, whom I found it impossible to identify by reference to the programme, was described in these columns as the girl with the Chippendale legs, by which you will understand that I intended a compliment—and, speaking of Chippendale, I think we may say a well-turned compliment—to the shapeliest leg, the trimmest ankle, and the prettiest little foot imaginable. Since then Miss Olive May, of whom I speak, has established a reputation at the Gaiety by her bright acting of small parts and her very sprightly dancing." Now she has her chance as leading lady during the temporary absence of Miss Gertie Millar, and is making the most of it, to the delight of large audiences.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

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3. THE INTERIOR OF THE "COMPRESSED-AIR BATH."

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Photographs by Halftones.

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DESCENDED FROM LOUIS XVII.?

(See Illustrations on Page 398.)

THE whole question of the Temple mystery—that is, whether or not the martyred Dauphin died in prison or was rescued from his tormentors—has been revived by the performance of "Sire," Abel Hermant's brilliant play, in Paris. Of the many pretenders—there were at one time no fewer than *nineteen* who claimed to be the actual Louis XVII.—by far the most credible was Nauendorff, of whose heir and descendants *The Sketch* publishes an interesting group. According to the Nauendorff legend, a deaf-and-dumb child was substituted for the boy King soon after the execution of Marie Antoinette, and the child, drugged into unconsciousness for the purpose, was conveyed out of the Temple either in a clothes-basket or a coffin. Smuggled as soon as possible over the frontier, he was brought up in Holland, and given the name of Nauendorff. The original Pretender bore a most striking resemblance not only to the Bourbons, but—what was, of course, far more significant—to the Princess whom he claimed to be his sister. He had many convinced adherents among the French nobility, as also in other European countries, and during the Restoration it was always said that Napoleon had satisfied himself of the truth of Nauendorff's claim. Unfortunately for the Pretender, the chain of evidence, all-important in such a matter, was not of the kind likely to convince legal minds; and what was perhaps even more fatal, the sudden appearance of more than one rival soon obscured the issue. The Nauendorff family are convinced of the justice of their cause; they have always lived dignified and self-respecting lives, and even to this day there are many people on the Continent who believe that if right were might, Jean de Bourbon would now be King of France.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

WHITAKER Whitaker's Peerage, Baronage, Knightage, etc., 1910. OUSELEY. The Seductive Coast. J. M. Stuart Young. 5s. net. WRIGHT. Open Air at Home. Stanley H. Bates. 2s. 6d. net. FISHER UNWIN. Garryowen. H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. UPCOTT GILL. Early English Glass. D. Wilmer. 6s. 6d. net. "AFRICAN WORLD" Fascinating Egypt. Edited by Leo. Weinthal, F.R.G.S. 1s. net.	CABLE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY. Fruit-Growers' Year-Book. 1910. 1s. net. JOHN LONG. Songs to Dorian, and Other Verses. Thistle Anderson. 3s. 6d. net. Sun-Dial Songs. Hoel Caerlion. 2s. 6d. net. DENT. A Siamese Painter of the Franciscan Legend. Bernard Berenson. 6s. net. KELLY. Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes. 15s. net. Royal Court Guide, 1910. STANLEY PAUL. The Dauphins of France. Frank Hamel. 16s. net.
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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit; general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

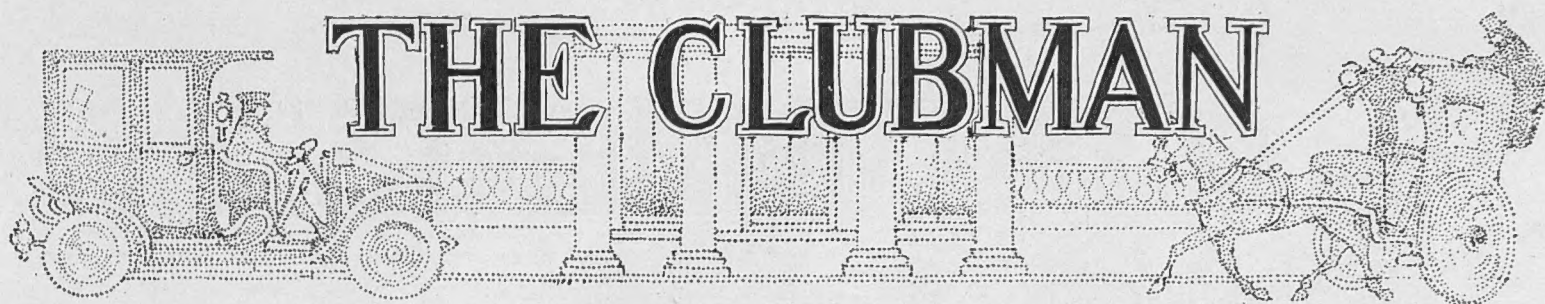
No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

**Social Clubs.**

The New Year's bells have rung, and we are face to face with 1910 and all its possibilities. In Clubland we cannot be accused of taking too light a view of the possibilities of this New Year. For the moment politics seem the all-pervading subject of conversation, and even in purely social clubs men do not hesitate to preach the propaganda of their own especial party and to condemn their political opponents as being outside the pale. This is not good club manners.



EVIDENTLY NOT AS UNCOMFORTABLE AS ONE WOULD IMAGINE: THE HOUSE AND GARDEN OF A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

In clubs described in their constitution as being purely social, politics and religion are considered the two subjects which should be left out of conversation. There is an abundance of political clubs in London, and a large proportion of the regular clubmen, the men who spend their days in Piccadilly, Pall Mall, or St. James's Street, belong to one of them. It would be more in keeping with club custom if the politicians talked politics only in party clubs, and did not in other clubs din them into the ears of their fellow-members, who may completely disagree with them, but are too good-mannered to contradict them. That the coming Election is going to be a very fierce one, that many passions will be loosed which will not soon calm down again, that most men will have very strong feelings on one side or the other, are excellent reasons why there should be oases in Clubland where men can talk of sport and the theatre, of Shakespeare and the musical glasses, without dragging in the Budget or the House of Lords by the ears.

India.

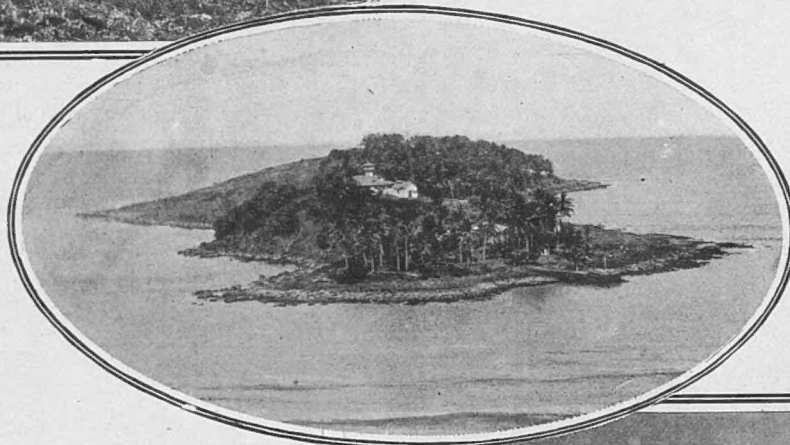
The shade of assassination was thrown last year over India, and still rests there. When talking in Clubland over professions, men have always had to take into account that one of the risks to be run in the East is the danger of assassination. Britons are never apt to insist too much on the dangers of any profession into which they go themselves, or into which they send their sons, but no official, soldier or civilian, has ever served on an Indian border without knowing that his life is at the mercy of any fanatic who is determined to kill him to revenge some imaginary wrong, or to gain the Mussulman's heaven, to which his Mullahs tell him the death of an unbeliever is the key. A new danger, however, has arisen in India and in the parts furthest distant from her borders. In India no officer who has taken part in any trial of political offenders can be sure that his life will be safe, for there is in India at the present time a band of criminals who

are trying to establish a terrorism over British officials. To go to a theatre or to travel in a train may be for an official to give one of these human mad dogs an opportunity to take his life. For every Englishman who may be killed fifty others will volunteer, for danger has never, I am thankful to say, had a deterrent effect on our race; but, though all the great heads of the native communities in India have expressed their abhorrence of the campaign of murder, it has not yet been stamped out, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of the white man in the East, that the Indian police may be able to deal with this murder conspiracy in 1910 as in past days the Thugs were dealt with. Those murderers were stamped out root and branch, and all loyal men are anxious that this new cult of murder may soon cease to be a disgrace to India.

The Army and Navy.

Of course we shall have naval scares during the year. The nation is nervous concerning that great European Power which is surely and rapidly bringing her fleet into rivalry with our own. As a nation we are suffering now from nerves—a rebound, probably, from that state of boastful ignorance which was the condition both of the gentry and the masses a hundred years ago. Whether our scares do anything except amuse the other nations of Europe is doubtful. They certainly do not cause our possible allies to put much faith in that *phlegme Britannique* which has enabled us to muddle through so many crises. Our new Army, the Territorial Army, is on trial this year. Last year, our new citizen-soldiers attracted far more attention than they will this year. They were written

about as a new force, they were told they were heroes when they enlisted, books and plays were written in their honour, and their doings at drills and field-days were chronicled large in all the papers. This year the limelight will not be upon them to the same extent that it was last year. They will find that soldiering, when taken seriously, has its dull moments, and it will be interesting and important to see whether the



THE ISLAND OF THE LIVING DEAD: L'ÎLE DU DIABLE.



FAR BETTER THAN THE ORDINARY CONVICT'S CELL: INSIDE A PRISONER'S ROOM ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

In the house here shown Major Dreyfus was kept while a prisoner on the Île du Diable, to which attention has again been called by a small revolt. It has been claimed that the Îles du Salut are a danger to British Guiana, in that escaped prisoners have a habit of seeking British soil.

flame of patriotism in the breasts of the men of our home Army burns steadily enough to enable them to undergo the tedium of campaigning which is not all fighting, and of drills of which the individual man does not understand the use, without the stimulus of publicity being brought to bear on their every movement.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

THE New Year is going to give us something startling, according to the astrologers. "The new moon," we are informed, "takes place close to the meridian angle, in conjunction with Uranus, in opposition to Neptune, and in square with Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter. Saturn is Lord of the Mid-heaven, and is 'posited' in Aries, England's ruling sign in the twelfth mansion of the heavens, the house of Self-undoing." Good heavens!



The barber who won £10,000 in the great French lottery was shaving a customer when he was told of his good luck, and nearly fainted with joy. So did the customer when he found that his throat had not been cut by mistake.

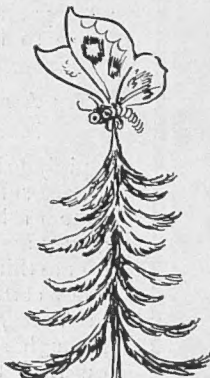
Mme de Thèbes prophesies for England this year a revolution and small hats for ladies. The terms are synonymous.

The barber who won £10,000 in the great French lottery was shaving a customer when he was told of his good luck, and nearly fainted with joy. So did the customer when he found that his throat had not been cut by mistake.

Nobody wants a Happy New Year nowadays. A golden onesgood enough for all.



Near Aberdeen, which is somewhere on the way to the North Pole, a moth of considerable size has been captured on a fir-tree. The insect is said to be new to science. And to scientific men also, or it would have known better than to roost in a fir-tree within range of a butterfly-net.



Who can say that the authorities do not move with the times? A new regulation regarding route marching has just been issued, and in future any unit marching in the dark will carry lanterns in such a manner that the light can be seen by those meeting the front or overtaking the rear. Yet it cannot be more than six months ago that a detachment on Salisbury Plain was run into by a motor-car in the dark.

Another illusion shattered. According to the *New York Herald*, Paris edition, there are not more than ten genuine pearl necklaces in Washington. But, on the other hand, there are at least a thousand ladies who claim to have one of the genuine specimens.

At last, after ten years' labour, Mr. John Garton has succeeded in producing a red marigold. Obviously, the libraries have taken action only just in time, when the yellow marigold has become sensitive enough to blush.

ON VELVET.

(Mrs. Flora Annie Steel complains that velvet is the prevailing note in the charming creations being ordered for the General Election, and that "dress has already eaten out the heart of our Council schoolgirls and sapped the sanity of our Society women.")

"Velvet! and yet we ask for Votes,"
Cries Flora Annie Steel,
And pleads for taxing women's dress
With eloquent appeal.
Base man's twin vices, smoke and drink,
Pay tribute to the State,
So why should woman's canker, dress,
Go free of tax or rate?
It may be cheap Valenciennes
Eats out the schoolgirl's heart:
That velvet saps the sanity
Of women known as smart:
And yet we cannot blink the fact,
It is our proudest boast
That Britain's world-wide Empire stands
"On velvet," not "on toast."

WADHAM PEACOCK.



Dr. Francis Ward, of Ipswich, chloroforms fish in order that he may obtain life-like photographs of them. It is the absence of this precaution that renders most amateur portraits so wooden.

A rare visitor, known as the Ox-bird, came to England for the New Year. By way of a hearty and seasonable welcome, he was promptly shot by a local sportsman. However, it is said at the "Zoo" that the Ox-bird is no relation of the cowboy, so it is unlikely that international complications will follow.

An astronomical gentleman volunteers the information that Venus is plainly visible in daylight when the sun is shining. That is why we so seldom see the planet.



"LE SPORT DU PATIN À ROULETTES":

ROLLER-SKATING AS IT IS
IN FRANCE.



"SUR LE RINK À LA MODE": A

DAINTY PARISIAN "RINKEUSE."

Writing of roller-skating, a French paper says: "Roller-skating is seven, it would be a serious rival to bridge and to puzzles. on rinks. It is the most graceful sport a woman could desire, as is proved by these photographs, which show Mlle. Regina Badet, the celebrated dancer. Mlle. Badet early developed a liking for the new sport, and she is certainly the daintiest 'rinkeuse' of Paris. We may add that girls adore this form of exercise, and that the roller-skate is dethroning the ice-skate. The waltz on roller-skates is particularly fascinating."

SMALL TALK

BLENHEIM is again a battlefield, or would be were the wars in papers and on platforms waged in good faith. Not long ago the Duke of Marlborough contrived a meeting there between Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. J. L. Garvin, and all who had read the journalist's weekly attacks upon the sailor held their breath as the two came together. The only result was a broadside of—laughter! And now the Duke has arranged another piquant party, including Mr. Winston Churchill, his kinsman, and the fiercest traducer of the Dukes, and Mrs. Winston, as well as Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith. As we have observed before, these arch-enemies in public are prime friends in private; but to hear of them week-

ending it together at Blenheim will surprise many people as much as would the news of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Ure dining together at the Ritz.

Sister of Lord Curzon.

Lord Curzon's brilliant sister, the widowed Lady Miller of Manderston, is thought by her friends to be as clever as is her famous brother. She is Lord Scarsdale's third daughter, and as a girl lived the quiet life of a "Squarson's" daughter, for her father, if a Peer, is also a clergyman. Her marriage to the popular sportsman-baronet took place nearly seventeen years ago, and his death followed thirteen years of ideal married life. It is an open secret that Sir James Miller left his widow very well off, and she is now one of the most important country hostesses in Society.

A Sussex Byway. Storrington, in Sussex, is five miles from a station, yet manages to get into print with proud frequency. The ale of Storrington inspired Mr. Belloc's happiest ballad; it was there that Francis Thompson took refuge from the streets of London, there that Father Tyrrell died a few months ago, and there Miss Maude Petre keeps her kindly House of Rest. Next week the pretty little village is to be the scene of an interesting naval wedding—that of Lieutenant Philip Kilgour and Miss Rosa King, of Pulborough

The Dean's Hymn-Book.

The brigands who fared so ill the other day with the two young Englishmen they could not kidnap were not the first unfortunates of their kind. When Dean Church was robbed by brigands they secured, among other things, a copy of "The Christian Year." "But what will they do with it?" said the Dean to his Greek servant. "Oh," came the reply, "when they see the gilt edges they will think the book of extraordinary value, tear out the pages, roll them up, and swallow them as charms."

A Patriotic Spaniard.

Count de Ramirez de Arellano is a Major-Domo-in-Waiting to the King of Spain, and cousin of a distinguished Spanish General, the Count de Vistaflores.

His maternal great-grandfather was created a Roman Prince by Pius VII. Last year, during the Eucharistic Congress, Count de Ramirez de Arellano entertained, at 24, Grosvenor Square, the late Cardinal Primate of Spain, who was in London for the great Roman Catholic gathering. The Count also gave a large banquet in honour of the Papal Legate, which was attended by all the Cardinals who had assembled here for the Congress. Since then the Count has started a fund in England for the families of Spanish-reservists at the front in Morocco, and by concerts and other means

has raised a considerable sum—over £1200, in fact—for that purpose.

Great Scott! Sir Samuel Scott will win his seat if "nerve" counts for anything in Marylebone. This is the form his agent wishes each voter to sign. "I shall be glad to help the candidature of Sir Samuel Scott by voting for him; by showing a window-card or poster; by canvassing a street or my friends; by lending a carriage or motor." Thus you have at least four chances of obliging Sir Samuel; but why be so modest? Why not commandeer beds for country voters, and the cook's influence with the policeman? Candidates who ask so little must think their constituents half-hearted about the Budget!



MARRIED TO A NEPHEW OF THE LATE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE: MISS AURIOL LEE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

Miss Auriol Lee's marriage to Mr. Frederick Lloyd took place on the 31st of last month. Miss Lee, who is a daughter of Dr. Robert Lee, the well-known physician, made her first appearance on the stage in January 1902, at the Haymarket. Since then she has played a number of important parts.

Photograph by R. Haines.



THE NEW LADY RACEHORSE-OWNER: MISS ELEANOR SOURAY, WHOSE CHEVEREL AND LIMITATION WERE SUCCESSFUL RECENTLY AT GATWICK AND SANDOWN PARK.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



SISTER OF LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON: THE HON. LADY MILLER OF MANDERSTON.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ONE OF THE BEST OF SOCIETY'S AMATEUR ACTRESSES: THE HON. MRS. EDWARD STONOR.

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Stonor is one of those women on whom the fairies seem to have bestowed their choicest gifts. She is pretty and clever, a favourite younger friend of the Royal Family, and a really brilliant amateur actress. Before her marriage to Lord Camoys' brother she was Mrs. Ralli, perhaps the most popular of the many popular widows then adorning Society.

Photograph by Thomson.

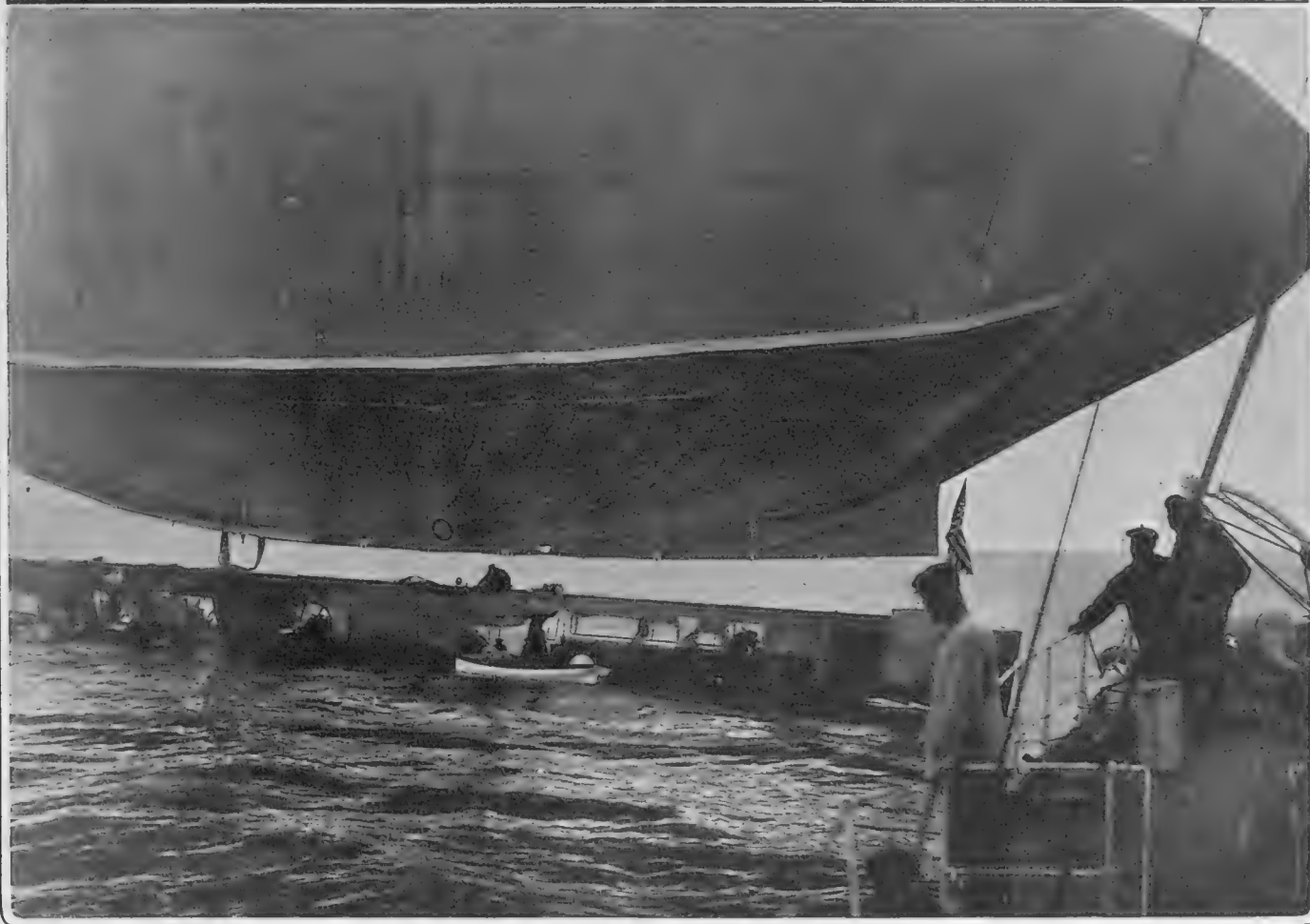


A MAJOR-DOMO-IN-WAITING TO THE KING OF SPAIN AND COUSIN OF THE COUNT DE VISTAFLORES: COUNT DE RAMIREZ DE ARELLANO.

Photograph by Franzen.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE WRECK OF THE FUTURE: SALVING AN AIR-SHIP.

It is obvious that, should the dirigible come into general use for crossing the Channel, and for passing over other stretches of water, the type of wreck illustrated will be the wreck of the future. It can only be hoped that such mishaps as there may be will not be worse than this one. Had the gas-bag burst or fired, for instance, matters would have been much more serious.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE KING, visiting Cora Lady Stratford and Mr. Kennard in Norfolk, found himself on very familiar ground. For several years he honoured Colonel and Mrs. Ralph Vivian at Houghton Hall, the splendid mansion relinquished to them by its owner, Lord Cholmondeley, because of his preference for Cholmondeley Castle. The stock case of divergence between spelling and pronunciation offered by the name of Cholmondeley gave to the Lobbies of the Houses of the Lords and Commons their last hearty laugh at the close of the dying session.

At Welbeck. At Welbeck Abbey the Duke and Duchess of Portland have had a small family gathering, including the Marquess of Titchfield, who is the heir and seventeen, his sister, Lady Victoria Cavendish - Bentinck, and Lord Howard de Walden. Marylebone and adjacent regions amply provide the actual and prospective wealth of all the Welbeck party, and it is curious

who have taken the pledge to abstain from rare feathers during their year of office.

The Kaiser's Daughter. The German Empress is playing a new rôle, that of chaperon to a particularly charming and pretty young daughter. Strictly

friends that they desire above all things to secure their darling child's personal happiness.

Bills of China. Many stories of Lord Kitchener's Far Eastern tour have preceded him to the clubs of Pall Mall. For once, it seems, he relented in regard to womenkind; and when a Chinese officer offered to show him, from a tactician's point of view, "the lay of the land," he observed that he wanted time to see the lady of the land as well. At a dinner in Shanghai at which dancing girls performed, when the time came for them to withdraw, he asked that they might stay in sight a little longer. "They remind me of figures on a vase," he explained; and no greater compliment could have escaped the lips of the ardent collector. Vases, in truth, were bought in plenty by Lord Kitchener. Perhaps he would have driven fewer good bargains had he made his progress through China in the garb of a Field-Marshal. But Lord K. of K. is not fond of uni-



THE NEW LORD AND LADY MONKSWELL.

The new Lord Monkswell is likely to prove a valuable addition to the Upper House, for he belongs to the type of peer who would probably be found in a reformed Upper Chamber. He is an Etonian, and a Trinity College, Cambridge man. As a clerk in the Foreign Office he was able to use the family brains to advantage. Lady Monkswell is one of the Norfolk Barclays, and her marriage to the then Hon. R. A. H. Collier only took place recently.

Photographs by Annie Bell and Elliott and Fry.

speaking, the young Princess, who bears the honoured name of Prussia's heroic Queen Louise, is, of course, not "out," but she is her father's inseparable companion, and she looks older than seventeen. The question of the Princess's marriage is much agitating the German people. They would naturally like their mighty War Lord's only daughter to make a great match, but her parents have openly stated to their



WIFE OF THE NEW HEADMASTER OF RUGBY: MRS. A. A. DAVID (FORMERLY MISS EDA MILES).

The wedding of the Rev. A. A. David, Headmaster-elect of Rugby, and Miss Eda Miles, took place on the 29th of last month. Mrs. David is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. T. W. Miles, of the Public Works Department, India.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

to think that a hundred years ago the slice of London consisting of the north side of Oxford Street from Holles Street to Princes Street and the south side of Cavendish Square brought only £37 per annum for ground-rent to the Portland coffers. Lord Howard de Walden could not set blue birds a-flying in the Haymarket on his share of such a bagatelle. As things now are, the Duke of Portland makes a rule of devoting his race-winnings to the building and endowment of cottages and homes at Welbeck, and no sportsman, who is so good a sportsman, has such an active conscience in all sporting affairs. In the matter of shooting, the Duchess's scruples are tacked on to his own: she is a leader in the movement for the protection of birds, and her hat is never guilty of an osprey. She approves, of course, of the Mayoresses—including the Duchess of Devonshire, Countess Fitzwilliam, Lady Forester, and Lady Phillimore—



TO MARRY MR. CHARLES MACPHERSON: MISS SOPHY M. NEWBOLT, DAUGHTER OF THE CHANCELLOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Mr. Macpherson is sub-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, of which his future wife's father is Canon and Chancellor. Miss Newbolt has one brother and one sister. Her mother was, before her marriage, Fanny Charlotte Wren.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

forms, and he might be seen alighting from his special train in a worn tweed suit, a cap, and a pair of brown boots with uncovenanted holes in them. Nevertheless he spent more than either he or the vendors expected. Rare wares were offered, both at dear and cheap rates, and he availed himself so freely of both that his collection is now worth several thousand pounds more than it was six months ago.

A New Treasurer. Mr. William Dudley Ward, M.P., just appointed by the King to be Treasurer of the Household, is a young man whose biceps still ripple with the memory of three Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Races. He has sat for Southampton, and, as far as the floating population of that constituency is concerned, a fitter member could hardly have been found. Yachting is Mr. Ward's hobby, and will be, in spite of his new duties. He is one of the Humble Wards, and a member of the family of which Lord Dudley is the head.



A SURPRISE GIFT TO THE KAISER: THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND HER DAUGHTER.

This photograph was taken without the Kaiser's knowledge, that it might be given to him as a surprise on Christmas Day.

VOTELESS, YET VOTE-GETTERS! LADIES WELL KNOWN IN THE WORLD OF POLITICS.—No. III.



1. MRS. E. G. HEMMERDE (EAST DENBIGHSHIRE).
2. MRS. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY (SOUTH HACKNEY).
3. LADY GWENDOLEN GUINNESS (HAGGERSTON).
4. THE HON. MRS. W. R. W. PERL (TAUNTON).

5. MRS. LLOYD-GEORGE (CARNARVON DISTRICT).
6. MRS. CECIL HARMSWORTH (DROITWICH).
7. LADY BARLOW (FROME DIVISION).

8. MRS. HERBERT SAMUEL (CLEVELAND DIVISION OF THE NORTH RIDING).
9. LADY CASTLEREAGH (MAIDSTONE).
10. MRS. H. H. ASQUITH (EAST FIFESHIRE).

As on previous occasions, we name, in brackets after each portrait, the constituencies for which the ladies' husbands are standing.

Photographs Nos. 1, 7, by Swaine; 2, Langfier; 3, Alice Hughes; 4, Keturah Collings; 5, 6, 10, Thomson; 8, Lafayette; 9, from a painting by Ellis Roberts.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

Christmas and Other Plays.

It has been a busy Christmas, but not quite so busy as usual. The making of new children's plays has apparently lost its attraction. The Court Theatre, for instance, is content with an old one, the version of "Alice in Wonderland" which has done duty before, and with a few alterations in the cast, and Miss Marjorie Slaughter in the conductor's chair, does duty again, much to the delight of youthful audiences. Infant prodigies have been in evidence at the Strand Theatre, where a few performances have been given of an unassuming little pantomime, chiefly notable by reason of the gracious presence of the very small Miss Mary Glynn, and a boy composer, conductor, and pianist named Moritz Lutzen, who shone in all three capacities and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Of the more substantial things, the first and foremost is, of course, "Aladdin," at Drury Lane. Its glories are as glorious as ever. Its market-places and its gardens and temples are all dazzling visions of beauty, its dresses are dreams, and its colours are such that earth hath not anything to show more fair. This we expect, and if we did not get it we should shudder at the coming of national decay. But what we do not expect, and what comes as a most welcome surprise, is the new birth of humour. We have not yet another Dan Leno; but since Dan Leno left us there has never been such continuous and well-deserved laughter as greets the efforts of Mr. Graves and Mr. Wilkie Bard. Each by himself is excellent, and they work wonderfully together; so that we no longer feel, as we have felt for the last few years,



THE DONKEY THAT ROLLER-SKATES: "BAYARDO II," AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

Photograph by Bolak.

that the comedians are tumbling in each other's way. Mr. Bard, perhaps, with his bland and kindly humour, gets the measure of his audience better, for his effects are simple and broad; but Mr. Graves, with his rapid, irrepressible patter, is delightfully funny, and is probably by this time still funnier than he was on Boxing Night. Then there is Miss Marie George, an ideally bright and merry Aladdin, and far more of a boy than any ordinary principal boy ever succeeds in being; and one must not forget Mr. George Ali, the Dog. I had not heard that a dog played any part in the Aladdin legend, but obviously Mr. Ali, as some animal or other, must play a part in all Drury Lane pantomimes.

The Lyceum "Aladdin" is also a worthy effort. This, too, has its market-place and its palace, and much richness of well-chosen colours; and it possesses a really original humourist in Mr. Scott Barrie, who has no ordinary views as to the character of the Widow

which recalls distinguished tragic actresses and emphasises the contrast when he occasionally breaks out into a broad Lancashire accent. Miss Florence Smithers, too, is a clever actress, with a humour which rises above the ordinary pantomime standard, and Miss Marjory Carpenter is a dancer of quite exceptional charm and grace.

The two productions left are in no way peculiar to Christmas. Instead of a pantomime, the Adelphi has this year "The House of Temperley," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This is most Georgian and hearty. It was a bold experiment to rely on two fights—one with gloves and one without—as the basis of a play, but Sir Arthur has done it, and with complete success. It must be very exhausting for the actors, who are not professional pugilists, for they do not spare themselves. Almost can we imagine ourselves to be in Wonderland, in the Whitechapel Road; and were it not that the result in both cases is a foregone conclusion, it would be possible to rise to the same pitch of excitement as the worshippers at that temple of the Ring. The crowd, too, is admirably stage-managed, whether drinking at Cribb's Saloon or rioting on the Sussex Downs; in fact, it is all a very lifelike picture of the sport and ruffianism of King George's golden days, and the author leaves us to decide whether it is a thing to be admired or detested.

Apart from the two boxing matches, there is a little story of slight importance, which ends with the self-sacrifice of one of the heroes at the storming of a Spanish fortress, and involves incidentally the unmasking of a villain by the committee of his club; and in this Mr. Ben Webster is very handsome and dignified, and Mr. Charles Rock plays the villain with power and fury. But the real heroes are the fighters, Mr. Charles Rock, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. A. S. Home-wood, and Mr. Reginald Davis. To them all congratulations and sympathy; but they will probably be hoping that the run of the play will not be long. If the East End hears of it their hope will be vain.

At the Queen's Theatre, Mr. H. B. Irving is now appearing in a curtain-raiser, which precedes "The House Opposite," as Monsieur de Paris, who guillotined the King. "The Soul of the King" is an adaptation from Balzac, simple and elementary in its technique and melodramatic in tone; but it has a certain grim power in which Mr. Irving's striking personality and intense concentration are seen to great advantage. He merely, as the executioner, calls upon a priest and two aristocratic nuns who are in hiding, recites the story of the King's end, and asks for a mass for the soul of the dead, for, though a citizen, he still bows in secret before the Church. The little play has the stamp of unreality which is the fault of most plays of the Terror; but, thanks to Mr. Irving, who dominates the stage, it is strikingly effective.



"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, BIRMINGHAM: MISS DAISY DORMER AS MAID MARIAN.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Twankey. His dresses are not those of the usual elderly laundress, but are chosen with discretion and taste, one of black velvet, cut low at the neck, being very attractive; and he has a wistful air



"ALADDIN," AT THE LYCEUM: MISS VICTORIA SIEVERS AS THE GENIE OF THE RING.

WATER IN WHICH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SINK!



BATHING THAT MAKES IT NECESSARY TO BATHE AGAIN: AFLOAT IN THE DEAD SEA,
IN WHICH NONE CAN DROWN.

Ordinary sea-water contains about 3½ per cent. of salt; the water of the Dead Sea contains 24½ per cent. Its density is such that it is impossible to sink below the armpits when standing in it. After bathing in it, it is necessary to bathe in fresh water, to wash off the salt crystals. The Dead Sea is the lowest and largest of the three lakes which interrupt the course of the Jordan. It has no outlet. Its water is, of course, very salt and strangely bitter. Its length from north to south is forty-six miles; its breadth in the middle is ten miles.—[Photograph by the Keystone View Co.]

GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

An Explanation. I have been asked by the Editor of *The Sketch* to write once a fortnight a series of Growls, the odd weeks to be filled up by Growls from a woman's point of view, to be made by Miss Beryl Faber. It has always seemed to me that the confirmed Growler is the person most advisable to neglect. I don't know whether Brummell said it or whether I did, but I am quite sure that it was one or other of us who made the epoch-making statement that the Growler depopulates a town, renders the club a nuisance, and sooner or later makes his appearance before the Divorce Court Judge. Being just as, but not more, egotistical than all other admirable specimens of humanity, I have not classed myself hitherto among the Growlers, and, in a burst of confidence, I may be permitted to say that until my Editor asked me to growl, I was not aware of the fact that I had any complaints to make about anything or anybody. Having given the matter just the necessary amount of thought, I find, however, that there are, after all, several things about which I can utter Growls, pathetic and angry, satirical and whole-hearted. Here, if you like, is a confirmation of the old adage as to a man never knowing what he can do until he tries. Of course, I don't hope to bring about any revolutions, alterations, or even to cause the mildest of sensations by growling at one thing and another. All I do expect to achieve is to save money that might have been spent in medicine.

The Earning of a Living.

My first Growl is not that I ever was born, but that I was born a man. I find that I would so much rather have been born a woman; and there are innumerable reasons for this surprising statement. I should not have had to earn my living. Earning a living is amusing enough when it is a hobby, but when it becomes a business it is a bore, especially when the business is one mainly made up of the writing of plays. One has the extremely unpleasant and irksome duty in this case of having always to make bargains, and afterwards to deal with people who like good parts themselves, but detest good parts when they are given to others. This leads to complications, great crises, epigrammatic bickerings, and sometimes letters to the *Daily Telegraph*. It also means that, instead of devoting the whole of one's day to golf, one can only give up, at the most, four hours to the queen of outdoor sports. It means also the keeping of a sort of time-table, and a diary in which to make serious notes of appointments. In fact, the earning of a living, although it adds a spice of adventure to life, renders it utterly undecorative, and takes away from it that exquisite sense of proprietorship which only belongs to the lucky

man whose day is his own. So that, in great anger and with much bitterness, I say that there is nothing to which I object so strongly as the earning of a living.

The Daily Shave!

Then, too, there is shaving. It is perfectly true that a man need not shave, that he can grow a beard; pass through life behind an ungainly mass of reddish hair, always in ambush, always taking cover behind a sort of disguise, a thing which hides either a bland, genial, virtuous expression, or the expression of roguery, cunning, impishness, and a dozen other very human and very unpleasant characteristics. At the top of my voice I utter a piercing Growl at having to shave. Never at any time is it anything but painful, whether self-performed or made an operation of by others. In the summer shaving is a penance, in the winter a martyrdom. To be a slave to a razor is an indignity, a whimsicality, a horror, and if one is a really nice person, and one is therefore absolutely and totally unable to master the low and plebeian art of stropping, life is indeed, for the man, an irksome thing. There is another reason for growling for having been born a man, from my particular point of view, in addition to the question of earning a living and shaving—the impossibility of finding a human creature with sufficient æstheticism and conscientiousness to enable him to place blacking on boots without carrying it on to their uppers.

Account Overdrawn.

Then, too, at this time of year; being a man, one knows very well that one's banker, a particularly unsympathetic person, receives orders from one's various clubs for the payment of yearly subscriptions, and of course they are paid, something to the detriment of the balance—if any; and if there is not

any, one duly receives that curiously worded banking epistle which coldly states that one's account "stands overdrawn." Just as though one cares twopence what is the attitude of the account. A woman, on the other hand, has clubs, but never has to pay her own subscription—or hardly ever. In fact, a woman never pays unless she particularly wishes to do so, unless she be a New Woman. Then there is that inevitable and appalling duty which falls to man—married man: the question of switching off the light if he lives in or near a town, or of blowing out the lamp or candle if he lives in the country. To what dangers is he not put when making his way barefooted across the dark room, hands outstretched? How often does he not receive the blue bark upon his shin from unnecessary furniture?

Ah! a man may be a

man for a' that; but he'd be a jolly sight more comfortable if he were a woman. I began by saying that there were innumerable reasons why I growl at being a man. I was wrong—there are five.



DESCENDED FROM LOUIS XVII.? "HENRI DE BOURBON, DAUPHIN OF FRANCE."



"THE KING AND QUEEN OF FRANCE" AND THEIR SON HENRI CHARLES LOUIS, "PRINCE JEAN DE BOURBON, PRINCESS FANNY MARIE MADELEINE," AND ONE OF THEIR SONS.

"Prince Jean de Bourbon" claims the right to the title of King of France, on the ground that he is descended from Nauendorff. At one time there were no fewer than nineteen people who claimed to be Louis XVII. By far the most credible of these was Nauendorff.

Photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens. See article on another page.

The World—Through the Eyes of a Pessimist.



No. 1.—HIS ROOM, WHEN HE CAN'T FIND THE MATCHES IN THE DARK.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

KEYNOTES

1909—A RETROSPECT.

WHEN at midnight on Friday last twelve-months-old 1909 entered the spacious territory allotted to times that have passed, a very interesting musical year came to an end. More clearly than any predecessors, it marked the spread of new ideas in some directions, and the unabashed return to old fashions in others. Quite apart from the rush and the strife, the costly, despairing effort of the unknown to become famous, the no less desperate struggle of those who have nearly arrived to remain in evidence, the tragedy of keen competition and misdirected aims, there was an interest scarcely less human in the purely musical developments.

The year opened badly. All musical London, indeed, or a goodly proportion of it, flocked to hear Mme. Saltzmann Stevens in the "Ring" operas at Covent Garden, but the long-promised opera by an Englishman, "The Angelus," by Dr. Naylor, failed signally to attract, and when the season came to an end, we were told that the responsible authorities would not risk another. Happily, Mr. Thomas Beecham, a comparatively new and very strong force in British music, has stepped into the breach, and by the middle of next month Covent Garden will reopen its doors with a season to which we will refer at length in due course. Desperate efforts were made and countless letters were written by the irresponsible to prove that, if only the directors of Covent Garden would be advised by the writers, fame, fortune, and the operatic millennium were within their reach. But the directors of our National Opera House have heard these and similar statements before, and are likely to hear them again as long as a faddist possesses pens, ink, and paper.

When the Grand Season opened, it was found that the Censor had removed the ban from Dr. Saint-Saëns' old-fashioned and rather jejune work, "Samson et Dalila." London flocked to see and hear the thirty-year-old novelty, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn's wonderful work as Dalila put the seal upon its success. French opera was in the ascendant. Debussy's masterpiece, the setting to Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande," was produced in sumptuous fashion; but the fashionable ear is not yet attuned to Debussy's beloved scale of whole tones, and it was rumoured that the authorities preferred to pay forfeit rather than give a fourth performance, though doubtless they will give the work a further chance. Charpentier's "roman musical," "Louise," already in the ninth year of a cosmopolitan success, was given, and met with an enthusiastic reception; the book is on the same high plane as the music, and the work has come to stay. Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's "Tess" was another novelty, and gave a strange Italianised version of Thomas Hardy's immortal book. It was moderately esteemed, but should prove worth revival. The rest of the season's repertory was as old as the hills, and not quite so interesting. In the meantime Drury Lane was occupied by the Castellano Italian Opera Company, which attracted overflowing audiences with the double bait of popular prices and operas that

should have received decent burial forty years ago. But London holds thousands of worthy people whose tastes and sympathies belong at latest to the mid-Victorian era; and Signor Castellano's venture flourished like a green bay-tree, and spread into the provinces and yielded shekels of silver and shekels of gold, and will doubtless be repeated in the year that has just opened.

The reflex action of this venture need hardly be insisted upon. If there is a big market for the old-time melodious trash, the supply will equal the demand, and we may look to see Donizetti, Meyer-

beer, Auber, Bellini, the early Verdi, and the rest of the shoddy immortals back in our midst—a dismal outlook.

In the concert world we have witnessed the competition between five great orchestras—the Philharmonic, Queen's Hall, London Symphony, New Symphony, and Beecham's. The first-named stands apart, but it is impossible to overlook the fact that it feels the stress of the times. There is little to choose between a concert by the Philharmonic Society and one by the Queen's Hall or London Symphony players, while the other two orchestras are rapidly moving to take rank with the rest. The effect of this competition upon prices will be very closely watched.

The list of the year's interesting compositions is small. One or two ambitious choral works, including "A Mass of Life," by Frederick Delius, have been given without creating a widespread interest, and in a clever "Ode to Discord," Sir Charles Stanford and Mr. C. L. Graves have united most happily. The Elgar Symphony achieved a record number of performances, and the Paderewski Symphony, the most important novelty of the year, was heard twice, and found wanting. Mr. Alick Maclean and Mr. Nicholas Gatty have produced one-act operas under the auspices of Mr. Charles Manners, who is to be congratulated upon a late

summer season at the Lyric Theatre in which the success was both artistic and financial. Miss Ethel Smyth and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke secured performances of their operas, "The Wreckers" and "Pierrot and Pierrette," with the aid of the Afternoon Theatre.

We have been happily free from the infant prodigy in 1909. Little Pepito Arriola is the only one whose name occurs to the memory; and he is hardly a genuine prodigy, for, although he is already eight or nine years old, he has written neither symphony nor opera, he does not conduct an orchestra, and he is not a master of six instruments.

Nearly all the great soloists have been in our midst, and welcome is due to a late comer, Herr Schelling, who is a fine pianist and gifted composer. There has been a very large gathering, too, of those who may be great some day: they play the same old pieces and sing the same old songs. The violinists are specially trying—they cannot keep their bows off Max Bruch's tiresome concerti. As King Charles's head to Mr. Dick, as "Elijah" to a provincial festival, and Handel's "Messiah" to the Royal Choral Society, so is a Max Bruch concerto to a young violinist.

COMMON CHORD.



CZERNY'S EXERCISES.

DRAWN BY HAYES.

TRADE WINDS; OR, THE VOTE-SEEKERS.



THE CANDIDATE: Now what the doose shall I talk to *him* about—meat?

THE AGENT: Good gracious, no! Transmigration of souls is *his* subject!



THE CANDIDATE (receiving a deputation): Ahem! it is particularly gratifying to me to receive you, gentlemen, as the representatives of your—ah—profession in this town, because my relations with—ah—*dustmen* have hitherto been of a peculiarly fraternal nature!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"LET US BE TERRIBLE. TO SPARE
THE PEOPLE BEING SO."*

OUT of "a line in a report, a phrase in a *procès verbal*, a precise statement in a deposition, the accounts of architects, the estimates of contractors, and even the bills of tradespeople and workmen," out of material garnered in places explored or hitherto unexplored M. Lenôtre has built up a house of instruction for the rulers of the world, whether they wear the crown, the symbol of anointed kings, or the ruddy cap of men self-freed. His reconstruction of the Tribunal of the Terror should prove a standard object-lesson for the makers of laws and the administrators of laws.

"At the opening of an old play, the scene of which is laid in a small town, a passer-by stops two sauntering townsmen and asks: 'Can you direct me, please, to the Palais de Justice?' 'Sir,' replies one of the *bourgeois*, 'justice has no palace here; you refer to the house where they condemn.' In Paris, during the Revolution, the ancient Parliament house similarly lost its old name of Palais de Justice. . . . In 1793 people commonly spoke of the 'Tribunal.' Justice, as Fouquier-Tinville and his fellows knew her, was not only blind: she was deaf, she had a sword in either hand, and she stood on the steps of the guillotine.

"Let us drink the blood of the enemies of humanity," cried Danton. . . . 'Let us be terrible, to spare the people being so . . . let us organise a tribunal, not well, for that is impossible, but in the least ill manner possible.' On the same day the Convention framed the desired law. The first sitting of the Revolutionary Tribunal was on April 6, 1793. Guyot des Maulans, a Poitiers nobleman, accused of being an *émigré*, was doomed to death. . . . "Mouths were seen to twitch, foreheads to bow, and tears to flow, and whilst Montané, making an effort, announced the sentence, all who surrounded him wiped their eyes, and, with heaving shoulders, tried to hide their tears." The Tribunal was in the beginner's stage. It acquitted as well as condemned. Later, it ceased to weep, and seldom acquitted. For it was ruled by Fouquier-Tinville, and the Public Prosecutor was a beast of steel, well aided by his jackals. The Court changed, but Fouquier remained. So sure was the rabble of his work, that "it knew that a man in custody was as good as dead, and as soon as the arrest became known, there was a rush to obtain good places around the guillotine."

Strange were the scenes in the house where they condemned. "Thirteen inhabitants of Orleans appeared on a charge of having, on May 15, 'massacred' the deputy [Léonard Bourdon], who, in reality, had merely been roughly handled. He himself came to the court to give evidence against his 'murderers,' and nine of them were sentenced to death!"

Fouquier-Tinville was chief actor also at the trial of Queen Marie Antoinette, the "Widow Capet." . . . "By her side was a gendarmery

officer, De Busne . . . On her complaining of thirst, those surrounding her looked at each other—not one of them daring to

offer a glass of water to the woman who had been Queen of France! At last, however, De Busne ran the risk, with the result that the next day he found himself in prison." Fea: held judges, jury, prisoners, and witnesses. Citizen Dëstournelles, giving evidence, was asked his name and Christian names. "Is it indispensable," replied the Minister piteously, "that I should give the name I received at my birth?" "Yes," responded Herman. "Then I utter it with regret—it is Louis!" It was at this trial that Valazé stabbed himself on hearing the sentence. . . . "Fouquier's voice was then heard, demanding that the dead man should be guillotined with the others. But the Court would give him only partial satisfaction. Herman declared that the body of the said Valazé should be carried in a tumbril, 'accompanying that of his accomplices, to the place of execution, in order that afterwards they might all be buried in the same grave.'" On another occasion, "thirty-five inhabitants of Verdun appeared before the Tribunal on a charge of having, two years before, presented some sugar-plums to the King of Prussia. Among the accused were seven women and seven young girls. Only the youngest, Barbe Henry and Claire Tabouillot, who were seventeen years of age, were spared."

An extraordinary incident attended the death of one M. Gossin. . . . "Standing in the courtyard of the Palais de Justice, with his hands bound and the tumbrils already full, he was left to himself, lost, in a way, among the crowd of spectators. He could have withdrawn freely and peaceably had some man of feeling but severed his thongs. But those who were round him persisted in stupidly gazing at him. On the tumbrils setting off, he mechanically followed them to the place of execution." Thus Maître Lavaux.

In many cases the charges were such that not even those who knew the Tribunal's methods believed that they could stand. "One of the innumerable proofs of having conspired was the intention of 'starving the French people' in order to make it rise against the Convention; and you were considered to be guilty of this crime either when you possessed at home or elsewhere articles of prime necessity or those habitually consumed in quantities beyond actual daily needs, or when you allowed such articles to be lost or spoilt. Thus . . . an ex-Minister of State, an octogenarian, was . . . sent to the guillotine, under the pretext that he had allowed a quantity of wheat to rot in the basin of a fountain in his garden. This supposition was based on the fact that a few shoots of corn had been found growing at the bottom of this basin."

Who can wonder that Fouquier-Tinville at last found himself in a tumbril, jolting to meet the death to which he had sent so many, having already tasted of the guillotine, having felt upon his neck the cold steel of the scissors cutting his hair to give the knife full play? Who can wonder that his severed head, drawn from the "horrible leather sack," was greeted with loud applause?



PUBLIC PROSECUTOR DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR:
FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.

Reproduced from "The Tribunal of the Terror," by Courtesy of the
Publisher, Mr. Heinemann.

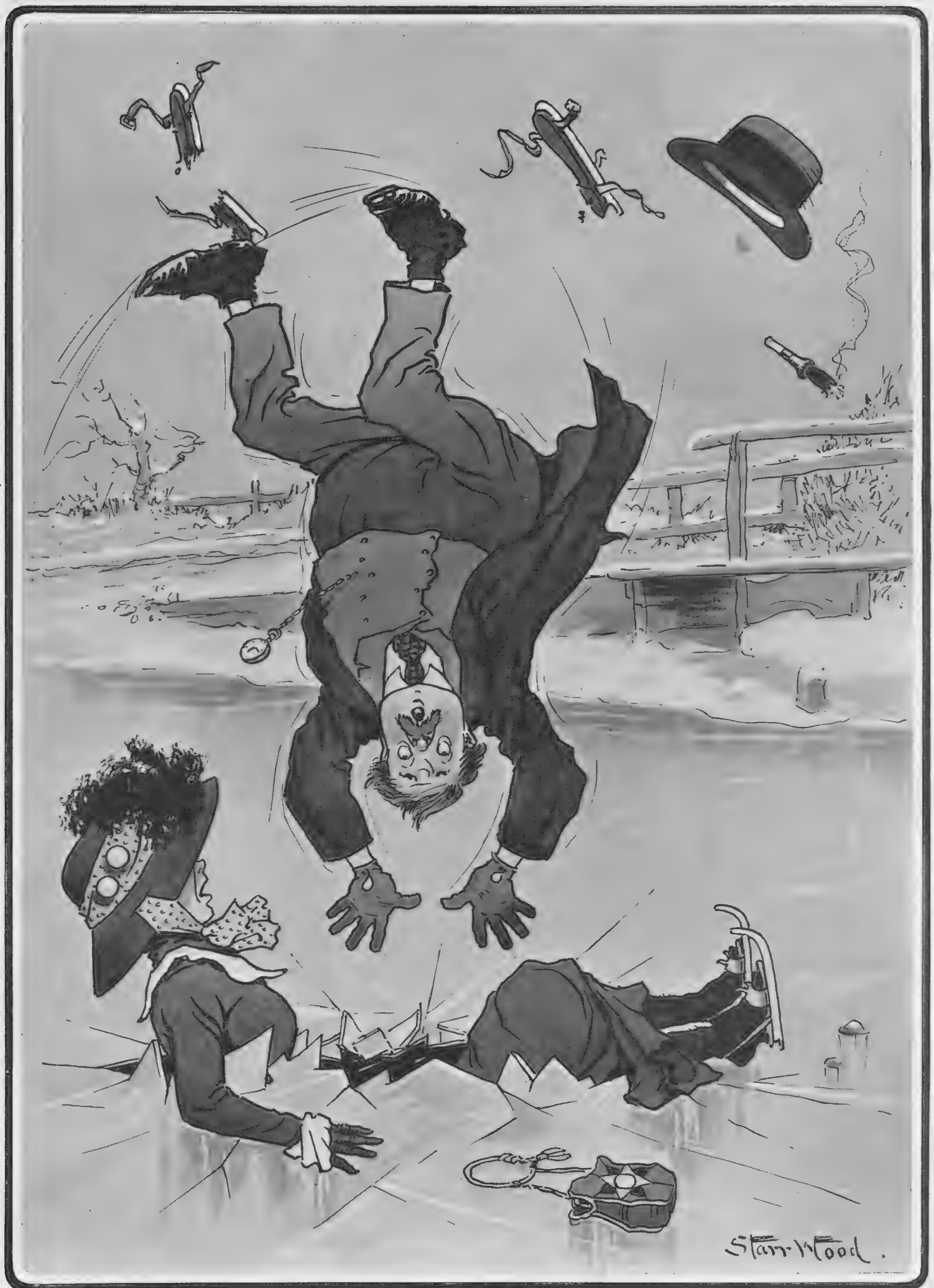


IN HIS OFFICIAL DRESS: FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.

Reproduced from "The Tribunal of the Terror," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Heinemann.

* "The Tribunal of the Terror." By G. Lenôtre. Translated by Frederic Lees. (Heinemann, 10s. net.)

COOL, BUT UNCALCULATED.



GUINEVERE: In mercy's name, Lancelot, stop where you are!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

YVETTE'S GHOST.

By LOUISE HEILGER.

"ARE you a ghost?" asked little Yvette.

The ghost smiled. "Now you know as well as I do," he told her, "that there are no ghosts left—the sensible people have killed them all."

"Oh, sensible people!" pouted Yvette.

"Do it again," said the ghost eagerly. "You look adorable when you screw up your lips like that."

"What I can't make out," pursued Yvette, unheeding, "is how you got in here, and why no one else seems to see you—this morning, for instance, when I was sitting with auntie in the morning-room. The windows were shut, the door did not open, and yet all at once I looked up, and there you were standing, smiling. And auntie got up suddenly—she said she felt a change—and left the room, *without seeing you*."

"Now I ask you, do I look like a ghost?" said the handsome young man in the well-fitting tweed suit, as he rose from his chair and made a leisurely inspection of himself in the glass over the mantelpiece. "Do I clank? All respectable ghosts clank. Do I appear at midnight and point a spectral finger? Not a bit. My entrances are, as you have justly observed, noiseless. My suit comes from an irreproachable tailor in Savile Row. The latest visit I have ever paid you was well within the conventional calling time. No, Yvette, I am too respectable to be a ghost."

He dropped back into his armchair. Yvette crossed the room with a pleasant little rustle of silk skirts, sat herself down on the sofa facing him, and considered him gravely.

"It's six months since you've been coming and going like this," she said reflectively. "The first time you came I remember you nearly frightened me to death. It was a winter's afternoon, I was sitting by the fire reading, and all of a sudden there you were sitting in the same chair staring at me."

"Well, you stared back at me," remarked the ghost. "You looked so pretty, too, with your flushed cheeks and the flame-light dancing on your hair, that I wonder I didn't kiss you then and there." His merry eyes danced as he noted her rising colour. "Alas that ghosts don't kiss, Yvette!" he finished whimsically.

"And when I asked you how you got in," pursued Yvette, pretending not to hear, "you told me you were a relative of the people we had just taken the house from, and had lived here so long you couldn't keep away. You said, too, you came to look for something; but you never told me what it was . . ."

"Perhaps it was only a memory," said the ghost; and suddenly, though it was a warm afternoon, the room seemed very cold, so that Yvette shivered, and was glad when a long streak of belated sunlight came gliding suddenly across the floor.

"And then you asked me not to tell anyone I had seen you"—she returned bravely to the attack, though the fading day had stolen the sunshine back. "You said you knew a secret way of coming and going, and that no one but me would ever know you came. . . ."

"Well, no one does," retorted the ghost, "though I will admit I've had one or two narrow shaves. This morning, for instance, if your aunt had looked up before I slipped behind her I'd have been caught, sure."

"Why, of course; how stupid of me!" cried Yvette joyfully. "That's how you arranged it, and auntie is short-sighted. Then you aren't a ghost, after all. I'm so glad. Because sometimes, you know, I've been frightened about it, and wondered—"

"Foolish little Yvette," said the ghost tenderly. "Haven't I warned you not to take me seriously? No man, be he human flesh and blood and not merely dust and bones, is worth taking seriously. Smile, Yvette, and let me see how blue your eyes are when they look into mine. Love is short as life, Yvette; we must make what use of it we can."

"Have you ever loved?" asked Yvette, her white fingers pulling restlessly at the lace on her blouse.

"Heaps of times," returned the ghost promptly. "My little Yvette, I have loved many women. Some for a week and a day, others for an hour. Once I loved till"—a frown creased his brow—"but let us talk of other things." He smiled. "Of you for choice; and how pretty you look in that pale gown. Had I a heart left, Yvette, I would give it you, but the worms have sucked the life from it. I'm nothing but your ghost, Yvette—"

There came the clatter of high-heeled shoes. The door opened suddenly, and the noise of a gay voice tumbled into the room. "Dreaming in the dark, as usual," it called, whilst its owner stood hovering at the threshold. "Shall I come in and disturb you?" "No," said Yvette, scrambling hurriedly to her feet, almost stumbling in her eagerness. "I was just coming down."

She passed her arm beneath that of the intruder, but her heart was fluttering still as they descended the stairs. Supposing he had been discovered? She needn't have troubled. Had she glanced back into the room as she went out she would have seen that anybody entering would have found nothing but the twilight and emptiness.

Some few days afterwards Yvette, chancing to be in need of some quaint garments to help in the dressing of some charades she was getting up, persuaded the housekeeper to let her rummage in an old attic at the top of the house, where all such treasure-trove was to be found. Yvette amused herself immensely rummaging in and out of old cupboards and trunks, sadly dirtying her pink fingers and frock in the process, but amply repaid by the spoil brought to light—a quaintly carved fan, a pair of silken shoes, a faded gown of flowered brocade, a miniature slung on a slender chain, the paste of its frame blackened, and out of which a girl with fair hair piled on the top of her head simpered coldly. Yvette's laughter and chatter filled the sombre room and deadened the sound of the rain outside. But presently the laughter stopped, and only the rain beat loudly on the sill.

"Who—who is that?" asked Yvette, white-lipped, as she held out a dusty photograph to the staring housekeeper, the photograph of a tall young man in tweeds with an exceedingly merry smile.

"Why, bless me," said the housekeeper, "if it isn't the picture of the young Squire—him who owned Fox Craft Manor. He was killed out hunting, poor young gentleman. A sad pity it was too—a terrible stir it caused in the countryside, I remember."

"How long ago was this?" asked Yvette dully.

"Let me see," said the housekeeper, pondering; "a matter of twenty years or more, I should say. I was 'tweeny' maid in those days in this very house. Many and many a time have I seen him come riding up to this door. He was engaged to our young lady—a fine young lady she was too—he was fair set on her. It seemed as if he couldn't keep away from the house. She took on terrible when he died."

"Is she dead too, then?" queried Yvette, still in that pale, small voice.

"She married a London gentleman afterwards," said the housekeeper, "and had seven children. But I have heard she wasn't happy. She's been dead these four years or more," she added.

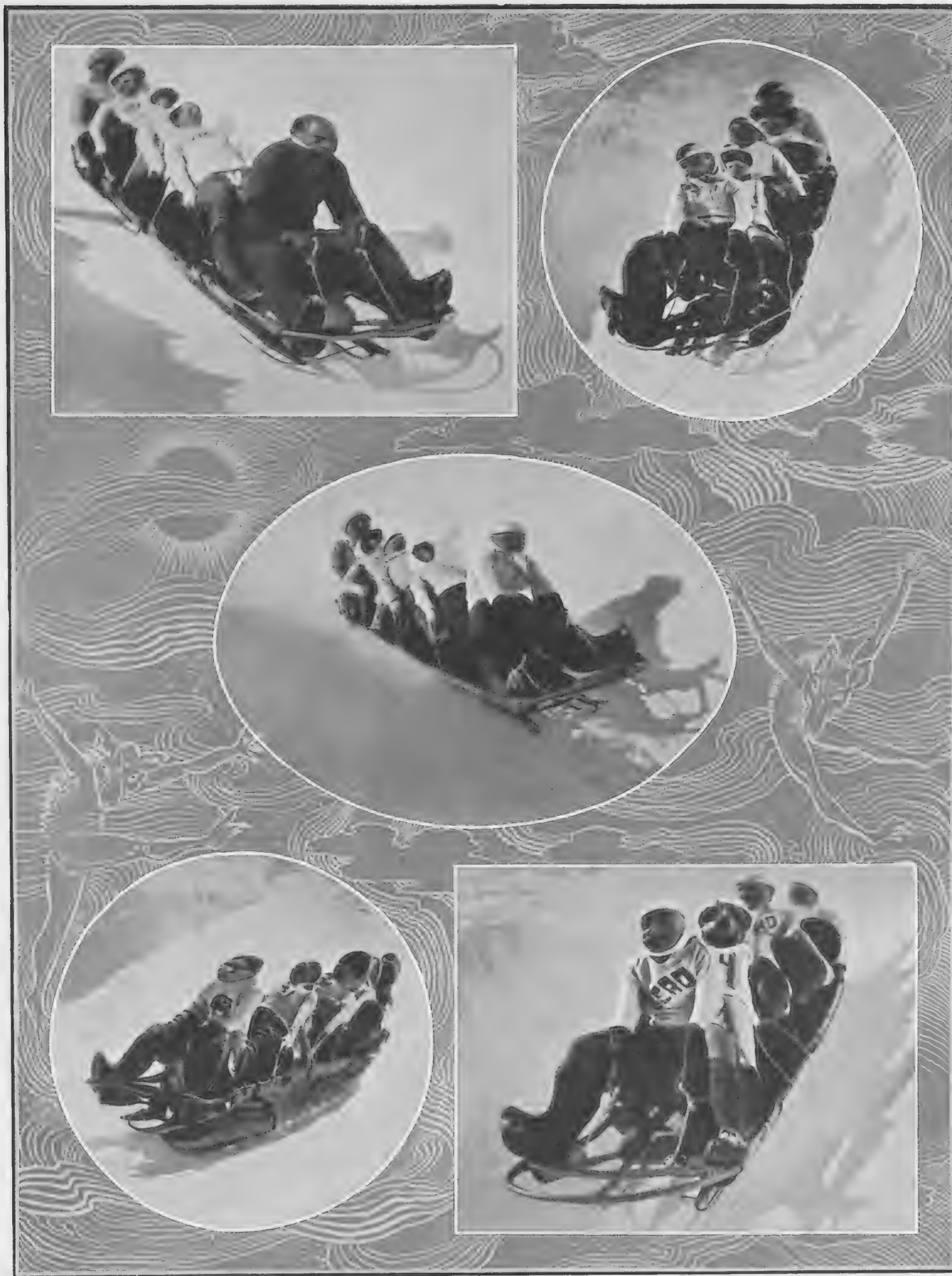
"Why did you think it necessary to lie to me?" asked Yvette very coldly of the ghost that evening.

The ghost, who was lounging comfortably in his favourite armchair, suddenly sat upright. His dark eyes lingered long on her white face. "So, little Yvette, you've found me out at last," he said quickly. "Well, I had meant to ring down the curtain myself on the little comedy long before this; but I was a coward, Yvette, afraid to face the dark, for I shall be very lonely, little Yvette, out there, all alone in the cold and the never-ending night."

"But it wasn't me you came to see," said Yvette, standing

[Continued overleaf.]

COME LET US SLEIGH—THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



TELESCOPED BY THE SNAP-SHOTTER: FREAK PHOTOGRAPHS OF SLEIGHERS.

All photographers will recognise that these strange results were caused by the distortion of the film on the negatives while that film was wet.

before him, slim and drooping, in her white gown; "it was that other girl—the one you were engaged to."

The ghost rose suddenly and came and stood beside her. "I came to see you always after the first time," he said softly. "The first time I admit it was to revisit the spot where I had spent my happiest days; but afterwards— Ah, Yvette, no one has eyes so blue as you. They make it hard for me to say good-bye."

"But why should it be good-bye?" cried Yvette sharply, and moved towards him with extended arms. "Ghost or no ghost, I love you!" She strove to clasp him, but gently he eluded her.

"No one may love the dead," he told her gently. "The dead

are beyond love, as they are beyond life. My little Yvette, it must be good-bye."

"Then if that is so," cried Yvette, weeping, "ah, kiss me once before you go! Only to feel your arms around me, only to feel your lips on mine, will comfort me in all the empty years."

She stopped. A strangled cry broke from her, a great gulf of cold air seemed suddenly to envelop her. She was frozen, frozen to the bone; then a merciful darkness came upon her, and she fell forward on her face.

In after years Yvette married, and was happy in her choice. But she never loved her husband as she had loved the ghost.

A Novel in a Nutshell.

LE DERNIER MOT: OVER THE TELEPHONE.

BY ARTHUR APPLIN.

She should never have looked at me
If she meant I should not love her!—*Browning.*

SOMEONE said letters are the invention of the devil; probably he was right. But I am inclined to believe there are several devils watching over this miserable little planet, and the Superior Devil went one better than he of pen and ink when he thought out the telephone.

I feel sure, now, that I was suffering from temporary insanity when I demanded its installation in my flat.

But I have recovered. She brought me to my senses—and now she has gone. But the telephone remains.

It is looking at me as I write, sarcastically, yet with something of pity mingled with contempt. Its black lips are open, as if it would speak. . . . Cursed slave that enslaved me, I would we had never met!

You took her from me: you brought me her final Message, her last word.

I had insulted her, she said, through the medium of the pen-and-ink devil—he who gave me my bread-and-butter, the humour of it!—and she never wished to speak to me again.

How could I take the message you croaked in imitation of her voice seriously? Your cavernous mouth repeated a jest I made, and I felt the wires thrill as she replied angrily.

The worst of it is, I do not even know now how serious she was—neither does she know if I was serious.

It all happened so quickly, so unexpectedly. If I had never written to her, if I had never looked into your foul, tempting face, 5769 Westminster, we might still be clinging to the silken threads of comradeship, happy in the hope of a charming friendship which sometimes leads to the Elysian Fields.

We had reached that fascinating strip of country lying midway between the plains of Pleasant Acquaintance and the mountains of Expectation, showing glimpses of the peaks of the Promised Land afar.

Those peaks tempted me. For a couple of days I played the part of the wise man—or I thought I did. I watched others whisper sweet nothings into her ear, I saw others press her hand and gaze into her eyes.

In consequence opportunities came my way: I found myself alone with her: she was kind. But I said nothing, or, at least, no more than the merest friend might say. Work, my overlord, threw us together: I took her to supper and sat alone amongst the crowd, at once her king and her slave—envied, hated perhaps, by others.

And then, when a sleepy cabman (I blessed the taximeter for dropping his red flag) slowly rolled his ancient cab, wherein we sat close together, to the station, I held my conscience (where is it now, O 5769 Westminster?) tightly in my hand—how she must have smiled!—and set a seal over my lips—*how dull she thought me!*—and courteously helped her to alight, and took her to an empty compartment of an empty train.

They say cards never forgive the unlucky gambler: certain I am an empty train never forgives a faint-hearted lover. . . .

. . . Before I left she gave me roses from her bouquet. I held them towards her face, for I was sorely tempted then! And she put her lips to their petals. Perhaps it was an invitation? If so,

then may my conscience burn in everlasting fires, for holding me back.

I left hurriedly, not daring to look into my heart.

When we met again it was only natural my heart should be revenged on my head.

That fatal day on the balcony when we ate strawberries and listened to the thrush wooing his mate! I talked . . . nonsense? Who knows? Neither she nor I. I said I loved her, laughing as I said it and wondering at my temerity. She was not offended; she laughed, too, saying I was not serious. I insisted, with a jest, though my blood was tingling. . . .

Once again, a day later, when we rushed through seven courses of dinner—*how she yawned, blaming digestion, but I doubt, now!*—I rushed through the seven stages of a man in love. I was earnest, in spite of my conscience, when suddenly she burst out laughing . . . and I, for pride's sake, and because I was not quite sure, laughed too.

What she really thought the while?

I shall never know. She chose to think I jested, and I was afraid to show her my heart—how, if not full of love, it was honestly full enough of respect and friendship. So I wrote the devil's letter, repeating the jest, and, receiving no answer, longing just to see her again, to look beyond the mountains where the peaks of the Promised Land glittered in the sunshine of Youth, I called to you, O 5769 Westminster, to help me in my distress.

"3130 Playfair! Yes, are you there?"

"Oh, it's you! No, I'm engaged. Your letter was very rude. . . . *Br-r-r-r-r*—of course, I never took you seriously! But you shouldn't have written that letter."

"Don't go away. . . . I'm sorry. . . . But I was serious."

"*Br-r-r-r-r*—well, I wasn't. . . . Yes, I'm engaged all day—perhaps another time—I can't say when. . . . I hate rude people—"

I gripped the receiver tightly. "I apologise—I was merely jesting. What? Oh—very well—good-bye!"

I flung the receiver down, and turned the handle sharply. Even as I did so, I heard her ring off—just as quickly.

And I was left staring at the gaping black mouth of my telephone—devilish, jeering, contemptuous.

"Good-bye!"

Probably she never cared. . . . Why should she?

I have asked 5769 Westminster, but the Superior Devil is dumb now. I shall never know. And the worst of it is, she will never know—

Perhaps she would not care? Only I am sure I should have made her care just a little, had it not been for the pen-and-ink devil and his Superior Devil, the telephone. They have lost us both some friendliness in the desert of this world, and friendship is a precious jewel.

Doubt you whether—

Thus she felt as, looking at me,

Mine and her souls rushed together—

Browning says.

I say . . . *Br-r-r-r-r!* Damn the telephone-bell. . . . !

"What? Isn't that 'copy' ready yet? . . . Yes, confound you, just finished it. Here it is—red hot! . . . Ring off!"

Br-r-r-r-r. . . !

THE END.

IN THE WHINE BAR.



THE TRAGEDIAN: The fact is, dear boy, I can't stand many drinks.

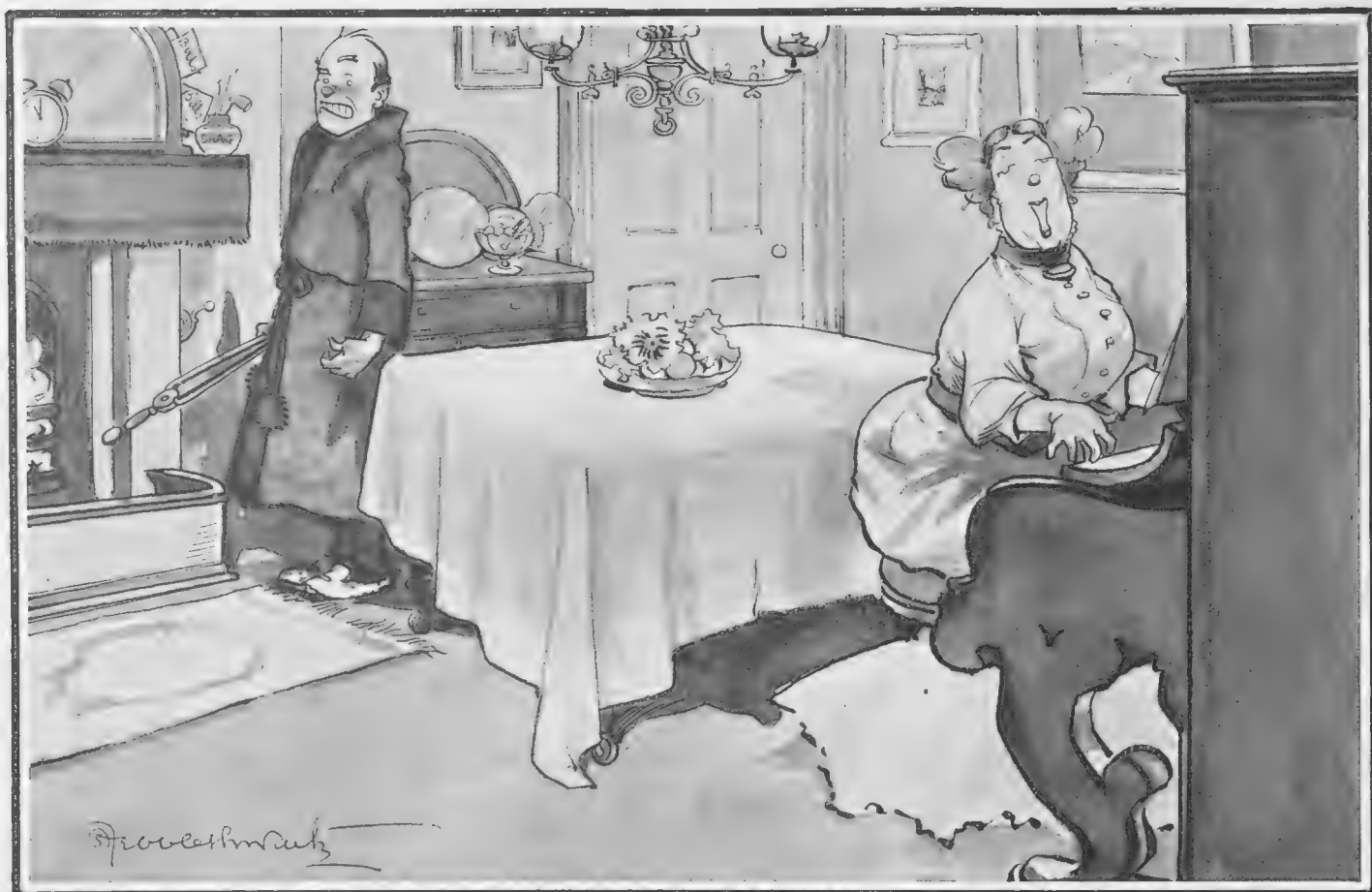
THE COMEDIAN: I believe you—anyway, you don't.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA HERE.

SING TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.



THE SONG THAT REACHED HIS HEART.



SAME SONG—FOURTEEN YEARS LATER.

DRAWINGS BY HEBBLETHWAITE.

THE PERFECT MAN

Skin-Deep. The average Englishman makes dressing an art, not a mere necessity. His underclothing, half-hose, and shirt are probably all of one shade: there are extremely dainty goods in schemes of green, fawn, heliotrope, Wedgwood blue, and other shades. Sometimes the shirt is striped and the socks made in a darker shade of the same colour, but still retaining the harmony of his underwear outfit. His shirt is finished with a soft front and cuffs, the latter being turned back in the double style.

Collar, Tie, and Complexion. In collars his choice rests between the double and wing patterns, both styles being now worn, whilst in selecting his tie he should take into consideration the suit he intends to wear. Its style will probably be a small knot to tie, and may either be made from silk or satin, or woven from silk in self or fancy pattern. In selecting his tie, the wearer will find ample scope for judgment. For instance, if the suit he intends to wear be at all dashing in style, he will be well advised to choose a quiet tie; but if, on the other hand, the suit is of sombre hue and retiring style, then a more striking pattern may be chosen. His complexion, too, may be allowed to influence his choice, for it is a generally admitted fact that blue and olive shades are most suitable for fair men, whilst red, russet, brown, and citrine shades are most appropriate for dark men. If at any time he is in doubt, he may be quite sure that, whatever his complexion or shade of cloth his suit, black, white, grey, and mixtures of these will be appropriate, always bearing in mind that white brightens up everything with which it comes in contact, whereas the effect of black is to deaden it. In considering the colour of his suit, he will have to decide whether he will be guided by the harmony of contrast or the harmony of analogy. The highest artistic authorities agree that the best effects are always obtained by the former. Some men select their socks in harmony with their tie, and when the trousers are worn turned up the effect of such an arrangement is excellent, especially when the scheme has been wisely chosen.

For Morning Wear. For morning wear the lounge-suit would probably be selected, at any rate by the younger men, and it is difficult to make any positive statement on the most popular material for this, for there are many. Probably the newest is a wide twill grey worsted, but it is run

by browns, greens, and heather mixtures. The pattern on these is generally large in design but subdued in style, stripes taking the lead. The style of lounge that is now worn has a single-breasted front with a low rolling lapel buttoning two, the bottom corners being neatly rounded away. Flap-pockets are put on the hips, and sometimes an outside breast-pocket is placed on the left side; more often, however, the ticket-pocket and the breast-pocket are inside. It is made to define the waist rather closely, and is provided with ample spring over the hips, thus imparting a shapely figure to the wearer. The cuffs of the sleeves are just now receiving a good deal of attention, the most popular style being a turn-back cuff about two or two and a half inches deep, sloping back at the top, and allowing three or four buttons in the underneath cuff to show.

Vests. Vests have undergone a great change of late, especially at the bottom of the front, where the corners are much more pointed and the curve over the hip made more decided. The total length has increased, and the bottom button is often put four inches up from the point. The neck buttons up fairly high, and is generally finished in the no-collar style. Four pockets are now very general, and men who have to carry valuables often add to this an inside pocket, which is usually placed in the left side.

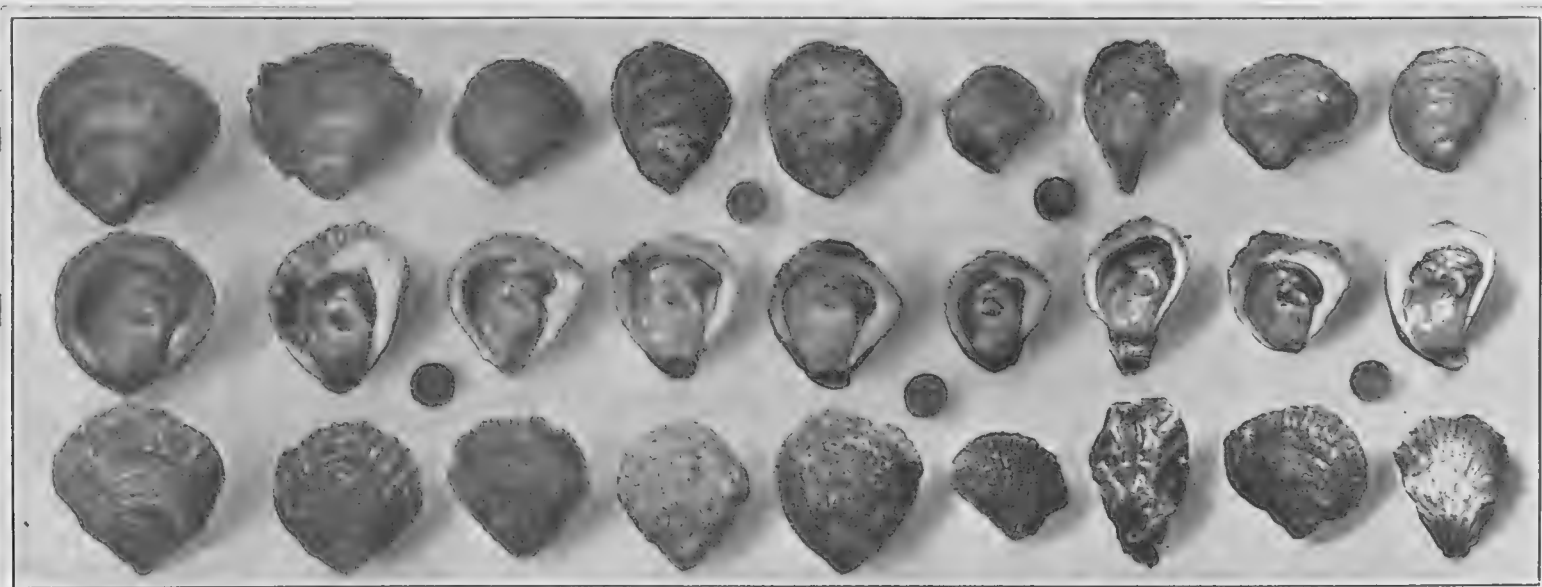
Trousers. Trousers have not advanced much since the introduction of the trouser-press, which gave them their back and front creases. A few men have recently developed a taste for the peg-top style, but that is nothing like general. In like manner, some firms finish the side-seams in a raised style; but whilst this adds a smartness to this part, it is not appreciated by many, and when the jacket seams are left plain it is not in keeping, so that there is little wonder it should be omitted by the majority of the best tailors.

The Crowning Touch. The head-gear with such a suit should preferably be a hard felt hat, though the soft Tyrolean style finds a good deal of favour, especially with middle-aged men. These hats are made in various shades, and may be obtained either to match the suit or to serve as a contrast. When they are of good quality they are very smart, but for general wear there is nothing to beat the round bowler, especially when a moderate price is paid for it. Such is the outfit



A CHINESE TEMPLE BENEATH THE AERIAL ROOTS OF A FIG-TREE.

The primitive temple illustrated is situated on the banks of a stream at Nebong Tebal, Straits Settlements. A Chinaman may be seen inside it.
Photograph by C. R. Usher.



Cancalle. Marennnes. Belon. English Natives. Zealand. Burnham. Portuguese. Brittany. Blue Points (American).

THAT YOU MAY KNOW THEM AT SIGHT: OYSTERS OF VARIOUS FORMS FROM VARIOUS PLACES—A PICTORIAL GUIDE.

very close by dark-blue cashmeres and serges, having neat vertical stripes woven in the pattern; whilst there is always a good variety of angolas and cheviots shown for suits of this class in drabs,

of an Englishman for morning wear; it may be varied in almost every particular, but the above may be taken as representative of the fashions for 1910.

W. D. F. V.



Some Expectations for the New Season.

The golf season begins in the first week of the year, and ends with the last one, and it is really in full swing all the time. Someone, after thought, might suggest that there are circumstances in which this season does not begin with the New Year, and explain that he means there would be a stoppage at the beginning if snow were on the ground or the courses were frost-bound. That reminds us at once that, a year ago this New Year, the new rules of the game came into force, after so much discussion and debate upon them, and so much travail of the St. Andrews minds in their preparation; and some enthusiastic and enterprising golfers, after playing with a little sadness of remembrance under the old rules on Dec. 31, sat up until twelve bells were given on the clubhouse clock, and then went out to play a hole by candle-light, to be as early as anyone to try these new rules and see how it felt to play under them. One special point of this recollection is that when they did this midnight act and then went away to sleep there was actually snow on most of the British courses, even in the South; and one of the new rules made special provision for the manner in which snow on the putting-greens might be dealt with. At five minutes to twelve on that night snow might have been brushed aside from the line of the putt with the back of the hand, but at one minute past the hour it could only have been scraped aside with a club laid lightly on the turf, and that is the rule which has prevailed ever since.

Good Resolutions. But twelve months of working under these new rules has not made all golfers familiar with their points, and I have rarely seen such confusion and ignorance concerning the laws of the game by the players thereof as during the last few days when, rain having fallen on hard-frozen and water-tight courses, there was more casual water upon them than we have had for a long time. Golfers who let the New Year in on the putting-greens by candle-light twelve months back vigorously brushed the line of their putts, so it was said, until the clock struck, so as to gain this advantage legally for the last time in their lives; but some others in ignorance continued the practice until about Easter, and their opponents were not always sure enough about the illegality to correct them. The best New Year's resolution for a golfer to make is to keep his eye on the ball always, for if he only does that he is certain to improve his game thirty, or perhaps fifty per cent., or even more than that. It is almost impossible, however, to keep such a resolution as this, as it is so much more interesting to look towards the hole where the ball may be than at the place where it is, and will possibly remain. Therefore, if a more practicable resolution is desired, a decision to read the rules

through from start to finish, and to make some serious effort to understand and remember them—no easy thing this, either—may be recommended.

Better Balls.

The ball-makers are to go at it "hammer and tongs," according to general report, in the way of competition with each other; and that ought to be good for the golfers. It is being persistently stated that one of the professionals is to get a subsidy of £500 for playing with a certain ball this year, and that another of these fortunate golfers will have £350. It was calculated some three or four years since that over a million a year was spent by the British golfers on golf-balls alone, and more players have been made than have died since then. The balls that were made last year were better than they have ever been. Some of the best brands, however, showed a marked deterioration towards the end of the year. But the 1910 crop of the leading makes, we are assured, is to be better than ever. Those golfers who can drive a ball cleanly from the tee are to find that out very soon.

Fashions in Clubs. There will be some changes in the fashions of clubs. Despite what has been said in condemnation of the "Dreadnought" drivers by some people who have neither seen nor handled a real "Dreadnought" yet—one of those wonderful creatures with the snaky shafts which have an enormous potency within them—these clubs will be more and more used, and they will generally lead to good. The idea is sound. Apart from that, however, I am told that in some of the leading wholesale club-makers' shops (where the fashions in clubs are to some extent set beforehand, as the great milliners' establishments arrange the ladies' fashions long in advance) it is noticeable that drivers are being made for the new season with larger heads and longer faces. This is quite good and sensible. Many of us never could understand why such a craze for faces scarcely larger than the diameter of the ball set in a few years ago. The

theory was suggested that such clubs were more powerful; but it could never be justified, and it was surely remarkable that while the twenty-four-handicap amateur was struggling away with a tiny-faced driver that made him feel certain before he started his swing that he would half miss the ball, the great professionals had big faces on their clubs. Braid and Harry Vardon have certainly been playing all the time with drivers having faces appreciably bigger than those of the clubs of the average amateur, and I had rarely seen—until the "Dreadnoughts" came in—wooden clubs more largely faced than those with which Arnaud Massey won his championship at Hoylake in 1907. In this and other ways we seem to be giving up shams and drawing nearer to reason.

HENRY LEACH.



FAMOUS IN THE WORLD OF GOLF: MR. ROBERT MAXWELL, THE AMATEUR CHAMPION (WITH THE PIPE), AND MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL.

Mr. Robert Maxwell is the reigning amateur champion, and gained this distinction once before, both successes being achieved on his home course at Muirfield. One of the most powerful and athletically built of golfers, and the pride of Scotland, he started the popularity of the "Dreadnought" driver by his success with it last season. Mr. Edward Blackwell is one of the most famous of St. Andrews amateurs, and is a tremendously powerful man, who for a long time was regarded as the longest driver in the country. The nearest he ever came to winning a championship, however, was when he reached the final in the year that Mr. Travis, the American, won at Sandwich.

DRAWN BY KEMBLE.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Cars at Christmas. It was evident from the number of cars luggage-laden and leaving London up to the very eve of Christmas that winter motoring has to-day no perils for its votaries. Automobiles are no longer tucked and packed away in winter quarters, but even in the most inclement weather are used in preference to trains for comfortably and independently attaining the scene of seasonal festivities. Closed cars were, of course, very largely used; but in visiting several South-coast towns where

Christmas guests most do congregate, I was more than surprised to see the large number of open cars on the road.

Take Heed to Registrations. Many owners regard

the first three months of the New Year as the best time in which to put their old cars on the second-hand market, and a large number of automobiles change hands during the first quarter of the year. Now both vendors and purchasers require to give thought as to the notification of change of ownership, for, as the *Autocar* points out, both are liable to prosecution by the registering authority if the regulations of the Local

Government Board in this connection are not complied with. It must not be supposed that because a car is sold with the numbers removed that the vendor is thereby exonerated from any further responsibility. Quite the contrary, for it is incumbent upon him to give the authorities notice of the cancellation of the registration of the car which has thereby taken place, and the penalty for such omission is the maximum sum of £10. That is, as I have said, when the car is sold without the numbers under which it has been driven by its previous owner; but if the numbers have been transferred with the car, notice must also be given by either the vendor or the purchaser, a payment of five shillings being made in the case of a car, and one shilling in the case of a motor-cycle. The onus to give this notice is clearly on both seller and purchaser; indeed, it would appear that both, or either, are liable to prosecution for such omission. It is suggested that certain motor-phobic authorities are at the moment licking their lips in contemplation of this wholesale plunder, for in one county alone there are no fewer than 700 cars and cycles still on the register which cannot be traced. But the Motor Car Act is admittedly badly drawn, and it would appear that no limit of time has been set to giving these notices. Therefore, those who have omitted so to do may save themselves out of the hands of the Philistines by at once advising the authorities of such cancellation or change of ownership.

Signalling to a Flying Man: Pegging a square of white canvas to the ground that the aviator flying above may be able to keep the course with ease.

Photograph by Agence Générale.

The Napiers of Napier. The scion of an engineering family boasting the name of Napier would be expected to achieve the superlative in motor-cars, as well as in any other mechanical production. That the particular Napier whose name is borne by one of the most famous automobiles in the world has done this every owner of a Napier car will testify. A short time since I was afforded a week-end trip on a 15-h.p. four-cylinder Napier, fitted with a very comfortable standard four-seated body, and have no hesitation in saying that I have never travelled in a more docile, sweet, and silky-running car. On top speed—and the car is never off it, except on steep hills—there is absolutely no engine or gear sensation; the car gets along up hill and down dale without any sense of effort. The worm-drive, of course, is largely responsible for this remarkable smoothness, but the springing is also exceedingly supple and shockless. Also, the simplicity of conduct surprised me. With fixed Bosch magneto-ignition and a perfectly automatic carburetter, the driver has nothing to do but drive. For motorists requiring a car of about this power—16.9 R.A.C. rating—I cannot imagine anything more suitable.

Aviation Meetings Wanted. Every-where on the

Continent we read of suggestions and preparations for aviation meetings some time during the present year; and, anxious for our own progress in aerial locomotion, we look, but, alas! in vain, for anything like corresponding activity on this side of the Channel. It may be that the rapacity of the foreign flyers last year will discourage the Blackpool and Doncaster promoters from the contemplation of a repetition of their ventures; but they may take heart of grace in the fact that by the time such undertakings become seasonable, we shall boast quite a respectable little band of native aviators. Week by week one reads in the special press of improved flights by such old stagers as the Hon. Charles S. Rolls and Mr. Brabazon, while hardly an issue passes without the

Signalling to a Flying Man: Firing a gun to notify a successful aviator that he has beaten a record—perhaps the best of several methods.

Photograph by Agence Générale.

notification of successful attempts by novices. We shall have flyers enough anon; let us see that there is flying to encourage them.

High Flyers. It is quite obvious that some men are more strongly imbued with the flying instinct than others, just as one man will become a proficient bicyclist or skater long before another. The confidence acquired in the apparatus involved clearly obtains in connection with aeroplanes when handled by the men-birds. To what extremes this confidence and daring will extend is conveyed in a table of the heights to which aviators successively attained during the past year, and before. On May 22, 1908, Latham reached 131 feet. Dec. 18, 1908, saw Wright up 377 feet; on Aug. 22,

1909, Latham rose to 508 feet; and on Oct. 18, to the horror of his wife, who stood in the Place de la Concorde at the time, Lambert topped the Eiffel Tower, which itself is 984 feet. Later, Paulhan went up to 1181 feet, to be followed by Latham, who, more than doubling his previous effort, rose to 1485 feet. Finally, Paulhan the fearless touched 1964 feet on Nov. 20 of last year.

(Continued on a later page.)



WHEN THE MOTOR IS OF LITTLE USE: A SLEDGE DRAWN BY A REINDEER.

Photograph by M. Branner.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

The Derby.

Now that the statement has gone forth that Maher will ride Neil Gow in the Derby of 1910, Lord Rosebery's smart colt is being inquired after in the clubs. The crack American jockey has been associated with the horses of the Epsom lord of the manor for some years, and perhaps it is only natural that he would like to ride one more Derby winner, if possible in the Rosebery colours. All the same, I think Lemberg is the better colt of the two, and Mr. Fairie's horse, who will be ridden by Bernard Dillon, has wintered well, and is about to have one of Alec Taylor's champion preparations for the race. It is considered up to now by the majority of speculators that it will resolve itself into a two-horse race; but, as I have said before, we must never forget Jeddah and Signorinetta; while if any trainer has a Spear-mint in his stable he will cause confusion in the ranks of the plungers. It is to be hoped that the Stewards of the Jockey Club will call the jockeys who are to ride in the Derby before them, and caution them as to keeping their proper places in the race. We do not want a repetition of the Sir Martin contretemps. It should be just as easy to keep a straight course on the Epsom track as on any other, and the bunching that takes place at the turns could, I think, be avoided if the jockeys rode fairly. Backers have quite enough to put up with, without being called upon to pay dearly for what many claim to be unavoidable accidents.

Spring Handicaps.

Racegoers will soon be discussing the chances of animals engaged in the spring handicaps. The weights for the chief events will be published on Jan. 27, and the acceptances a week later. Mr. R. Ord, a well-known North-country sportsman, who is very fond of hunting, will, as usual, frame the weights for the Lincoln Handicap. He is a good judge of form, and generally gives us some perfect puzzles. Indeed, the first big handicap of the year is oftener than not won by a rank outsider. The Great Metropolitan and City and Suburban weights will be compiled by Messrs. Dawkins, Keyser, and Lee as a committee; and it is needless to add that the trio is very successful. I am glad to notice that the Chester Cup will not close until March 8, the Tuesday before Lincoln races start. The weights for the Cup will be compiled by Mr. W. F. Lee, who, in conjunction with Mr. Keyser, will frame the handicap for the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes. Mr. Dawkins will work out the weights for the Liverpool Spring Cup, while Mr. E. Topham will, as usual, compile the weights for the Grand National Steeplechase. Mr. Topham is a very fine judge of the leppers, and we

can confidently look forward to some lively speculation on the cross-country blue ribbon. By-the-bye, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild thinks the scale for flat handicaps should be lowered; but I think 6 st. is low enough, and it is a fact worthy of remark that the middle-weights in handicaps win more than their share of these events. The light-weight apprentices get quite enough riding at present. There is no objection whatever to instituting handicaps with top-weight—say, 6 st. 7 lb.—for the encouragement of the boys; but I do not agree with the lowering of the weights on the principal handicaps. Indeed, the greatest attraction of racing is to see Maher and Wootton riding in the same race.

Tall Figures.

A well-known London commission agent has issued a circular to his clients in which he says he is abandoning his Middelburg business, and will continue to devote his attention to transacting credit business only from his London office. He adds that he is very keen on going into public life, and, if the fates are kind, into Parliament. He also says: "It may interest my clients to know that I have paid away during the past year nearly a quarter of a million pounds sterling," while in another part he states that towards the back end of last year he lost the sum of nearly £40,000. And he goes on to show that betting has lost none of its hold on the public, while it is interesting to note how large a business is done by a big starting-price office. There is no doubt whatever that the pinched prices offered by the layers on the course have kept many people at home who can get better prices at starting price than they could hope to expect from the dealers in Tattersall's ring; and if the totalisator comes into general use, the men who now stand up and do not hesitate to offer 6 to 4 about a 5 to 1 chance will have only themselves to thank.

The fact that the institution of the mutuel would lessen the takings for ring fees is not worth considering, seeing that record attendances are reported from those countries that have adopted betting by machinery. Further, a charge would be made to the owners of the mutuels, which would help the fund a lot. It is said that an Englishman gets the greatest fun out of running round and making his own bets, but I do not think the majority of the rank and file of racegoers would object to forego this passion if they could be sure of getting fair prices. And one thing is certain—the backers would last longer under the mutuel than they do under the present system.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



AT A COCK-FIGHT IN GUATEMALA: HOLDING BACK THE BIRDS IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF A BATTLE.



ONE OF THE SIX DAILY LOADS: DEER AT UNION STATION, TORONTO.

The photograph shows a load of deer shot in Muskoka. Five or six such loads arrive at that station each day during the hunting season.—[Photograph by Pringle and Booth.]

WOMAN'S WAYS

Tommy Wombat Goes for a Walk.

Gentle reader, are you one to whom the humours of the "Zoo" are eternally irresistible? If so, learn that the wombat—that most engaging but retiring of Australian fauna—is not only visible, and will eat of bananas from your hand, but recently

had the fantasy to quit his self-contained maisonnette and take a walk of several days' duration. Now, the wombat—a creature regarded with frenzied admiration by such connoisseurs as Dante Gabriel Rossetti—is, owing to its shape and construction, extremely difficult to catch. It has no neck, neither has it any tail; its legs are a *quantité négligeable*, and its ears are so flat and paltry as hardly to count as aural appendages. So this creature from the Antipodes went away from Saturday to Monday like any Christian. In the Zoological Gardens



[Copyright.]
A TEA-GOWN OF BLACK NINON-DE-SOIE TRIMMED WITH BLACK-SILK EMBROIDERY AND BEADS.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

there are various theories about his escapade. Already a legend is growing up around this mysterious affair. Some maintain that, unlike the seven million or so of his fellow-Londoners, he not only knows the geographical position of Primrose Hill, but actually spent two nights on the top. Others aver—and this theory is more popular—that Tommy Wombat actually trotted as far as the Baker Street Tube Station, no doubt with the intention of taking a ticket back to Australia. But whatever he did in those fifty-odd hours, he was discovered, eventually, in close proximity to several attractive young persons in the refreshment-bar, who, I am sorry to say, with the perfidiousness of their sex, popped him under a basket and sat on it till keepers arrived to lead poor Tommy back to captivity.

Good-bye to the Hansom.

Very soon, it seems, the "gondola of London" will only be seen in some home of lost causes and extinct species like a Natural History Museum. Evolution does its fell work with vehicles as with living organisms, and the tinkling, clattering, draughty, dangerous, but once delicious hansom has well-nigh been annihilated by the triumphant taxi-motor. Middle-aged fogies, looking wistfully out of club windows, see their radiant youth vanishing altogether with the passing of the hansom. Which of them has not some haunting memory connected with the cab which was so essentially typical of London? After years of exile, was not its familiar outline at the station the first object which brought the blessed sense of Home? At the door, with a portmanteau poised on its shining roof, did it not symbolise holidays, freedom, escape from the banality of every day? Did not the Ineffable She once deign to drive with him, side by side, to heaven knows what vague destination? Of course she did. Yet, *tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*, and it may be very soon that the "taxi"—so dear to the young and curly now—will be ousted completely from their capricious favour, by the safety-aeroplane for two.

On Windows.

A sensible person recently wrote to the papers to ask why the modern architect deliberately shuts out light, air, and sunshine from his houses and flats—those amorphous residences of red-and-white which are chiefly remarkable for a frenzied muddle of "periods." After all, it is women who have most to say about the places they live in, and why they should be content to exist in dark rooms, with the light filtering through small panes, passes one's comprehension. There is a great deal to be said for the mid-Victorian window, with its huge, uncompromising panes of glass, through which one sees the delicately etched Park, swathed in blue-grey mist, or the River, moving sluggishly with its burden of barges to the distant sea. I call to mind two houses with windows of abnormal size—occupying, indeed, the whole side of the room. One is in Shropshire, and has Italian gardens in the foreground; then, verdant park-lands dropping down to an horizon where the Wrekin lifts a blue peak to the sky. The other is at Dinard, in one of those fantastic villas which French taste makes acceptable, and in this case the vast window frames a view of the coast, with St. Malo lying out on the blue surface of the bay. Nothing could be more beautiful, yet in Brittany and in Shropshire the effect is obtained by sacrificing the "picturesque window" to the exigencies of the view. It is time we started a society for the suppression of small panes, lead, and other hindrances to the essential of life and air.

An American Aristocracy.

To an American, who spends the whole of his jocund youth, his anxious middle years, and even his senile age in the feverish acquisition of dollars, it must be humiliating and repugnant to see huge fortunes passing out of the country, along with the vivacious American girl, into the possession of penniless but titled foreigners. Small wonder that a Bill is to be introduced into Congress to tax these vast dowries before they are wafted away forever. It is clear now that the Transatlantic woman is more enamoured of mere rank than any other feminine entity on the face of the globe. To settle down to be plain "Mrs." is to her a sign of disastrous failure, a resigning of her rights and privileges. When possible, she turns herself into a Princess—in every sense a Dollar Princess—nor does she think it strange or incongruous when members of royal European houses seek her hand. Possibly a solution of this difficulty will be found in the creation of a Peerage on "the other side." And stranger things have happened.—ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



[Copyright.]
A BLACK-VELVET DRESS TRIMMED WITH CHINCHILLA FUR.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Fur-Edged Tunic.

Fashion has decreed that a tunic of ethereal fabric over one much more substantial is the smartest style of indoor dress. The tunic must be edged with fur, which weights it sufficiently to get the proper graceful hang. The reason that this style of dress is not worn much in the street is that to secure the proper effect the underskirt must be long and clinging. Our women have, happily, enough sense to throw off the thrall of fashion when it would make them look untidy and silly, and be extremely inconvenient as well. I saw a lovely gown the other day of softest sulphur-coloured panne. There was a tunic, quite in classical style, of much paler crêpe-de-Chine bordered with several bands of lovely old coarse Greek lace, between which a band of sable-brown velvet was inserted, the tunic being bordered with sable. There was a neat waistband of brown velvet and sable tails at one side. Then the crêpe-de-Chine was drawn up, chiton-like, to one side and caught on one shoulder with a little knot of sable tail. Over the other shoulder was a strap of lace.

In Great Demand. Never were fancy costumes in such demand as now. Not alone because most house-parties are occupied with productions for the edification of villagers, tenants, and employees, and for the great enjoyment of the performers, but because the world has gone rinking mad and there are carnivals at most of the rinks and prizes for the best dress. We are all babies about prizes, and just love to win them. There must always be a great deal of make-believe about rinking. Consequently, a dress such as belongs to the summer and sunshine and the flowers is not suitable. On the other hand, it is violent exercise, and not in the open, so thick, furry dresses are inconvenient. I remember the shiny countenance and the appeals for drink that emerged from a fine Polar bear at an ice-rink carnival where he achieved a great success and won first prize. Some of the most ordinary, everyday dresses are the best, the humble milkman, the Irish peasant, the cook, the smart parlourmaid—"Smith" is responsible for a boom in parlourmaids—the chauffeur, the French *ouvrier*, dresses carried out all in one colour, preferably a bright one, holly-tree, a spook—all these are very effective for skating, and almost all historical dresses, that are comfortable, look well. I hear that the Sunday Club at Olympia intend having a carnival when the elections are over.

All in a Velvet Gown.

This winter velvet has such a vogue as it has not enjoyed for many a long year. A good sign of the increasing frankness and impatience with pretence that is so noticeable nowadays is that velveteen is openly indicated as the wear even of the smartest brides for their travelling-gown. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a black-velvet dress, which is trimmed with chinchilla fur. It is about the most charming and luxurious combination that there is. On the same page appears a drawing of a tea-gown of black ninon-de-soie, trimmed with black-silk embroidery and with beads. It is an all-round, useful, and most becoming garment.

Fur, Flowers, and Feathers.

Hats for the coming spring are trimmed with flowers and feathers, and have either their crowns or their brims of fur. They are by no means small, and they are most becoming—also, incidentally, exceedingly expensive. A very large cross-over turban of Russian sable has at one side a large bow of golden-brown tulle, having a band of pearl-and-turquoise embroidery across the brow. Fur used for this millinery is of the new soft dressing. It is very light, and drapes like chiffon. Toques made of tulle and trimmed with fur will also be worn. Time was when tulle was essentially a summer

fabric. Now we follow the example of our climate and mix things. The more anachronism there is in millinery the smarter it is.

London Social Guides.

A new institution, and one for which our Transatlantic and foreign visitors should be thankful, is a service of guides, philosophers, and friends ready to serve them in any way when they reach these shores. They will be drawn, when men, from the ranks of retired naval and military officers; when women, from a similar stratum of society. Visitors can have their rooms engaged, and will be met at the station. The appointed guide will have a thorough social, geographical, and historical knowledge of London, and be well able to advise the visitor. He or she will also be prepared to act as private secretary, or in any confidential capacity. Many of the guides are excellent linguists, and can act as interpreters, while to be with them will be a decided help in acquiring our difficult language.

Senator Clark is at last taking possession, with his young bride, of his palace in Fifth Avenue. It requires time and trouble and much ingenious extravagance to spend a million and a half pounds on a house; but the feat has been duly performed. Many eyes have watched the progress of the palace. Senator Clark himself has been living in Paris and London most of the time, but his son and his son's wife have kept him informed in a very lively fashion. Mr. Clark junior married Miss Celia Tobin, of San Francisco, whose sister, Miss Agnes Tobin, is now in London, with Claridge's as her headquarters.

"Ruddigore," one of the happiest of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, may be quoted as an answer to Juliet's question, "What's in a name?" Its name, perhaps too bloodthirsty for the last generation, is held responsible for its having been so far less popular than others of the famous series. But there are signs that "Ruddigore" may yet come into its own. It is to be given at the Castle Theatre, Richmond, on Jan. 12, 13, and 15 (with a matinée on the last day), by the Thames Valley Amateur Operatic Society. The production will undoubtedly be one of great interest.

Brighton has prepared a very attractive programme for its musical festival, which is to take place from Feb. 2 to 5 inclusive, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Sainton. The chorus will number four hundred voices, and the Municipal Orchestra is to be increased to seventy. Among the novelties promised are Mr. Coleridge Taylor's "Endymion's Dream," Dr. Christian Sinding's

"Rondo Infinito" and Symphony in D, and others, conducted in each case by their composers. The programme also includes "Samson et Dalila" and Stanford's "Ode to Discord." Among the soloists are Mme. Marie Brema, Miss Gleeson-White, Miss Esta D'Argo, Miss Edith Evans, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. John Coates. Miss Marie Novello, the only instrumental soloist, will play Liszt's Concerto in E flat.

Among the special features of the dainty little Onoto Diaries, issued by Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co., are an insurance coupon for £1000 with every copy, a monthly index to enable any particular month to be immediately found, an alphabetical index to record telephone numbers, addresses, and other memoranda; and a concise selection of useful information, such as lighting-up times, foreign coins and their equivalents, etc. These handy little diaries are made in four varieties, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d., the smallest size being intended for the waistcoat pocket. They are tastefully bound in leather and morocco.

During January, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of 40 G, Donegall Place, Belfast, hold a great sale of their famous Irish linens for household and personal use. Their dainty handkerchiefs, exquisite damasks, linen sheets, pillow-cases, towellings, etc., are greatly reduced in price. This is indeed an opportunity not to be missed for obtaining household and personal linen for the coming year at a reasonable cost. Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver will send their sale-list by return on receipt of a postcard.



MANNERS MAKETH MAN—ANGRY.

SMALL BOY (who has been taught always to give up his seat to ladies): Allow me to offer you my seat, Miss.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 11.

NEW YEAR HOPES.

THE New Year has come, finding the City, on the whole, in an optimistic mood, and now that the usual end-of-the-year squeeze for money is over, a reduction of the Bank Rate to 4 per cent. and a period of easy money are looked for. As far as the Stock Exchange position here is concerned, signs of over-speculation are conspicuous by their absence, but the same cannot, perhaps, be said of all the Continental centres, and especially of Berlin, where the American gamble seems to have taken firm hold, and where, should such a thing as a "Yankee slump" take place, there would undoubtedly be trouble.

As far as the English markets are concerned, our chief speculative activities have of late been Kaffirs, West Africans, and Rubber shares, in none of which need danger-signals be yet hoisted. We have neither space nor inclination to review the progress made in South African mining during the last twelve months, but the dividends paid for 1909 amount to the large total of £9,217,000, as compared with £8,537,000 for the previous period, while the labour position seems to be adjusting itself, and is at present causing no difficulty. In West Africa progress has also been made, and we shall be surprised if the coming year does not show still further substantial improvement; in addition to which, prices have by no means reached a point at which there is not still room for further appreciation.

Our correspondent "Q" so often deals with the Rubber position that there is little left for us to say. Certainly, those best able to judge do not anticipate any heavy slump in the price of raw rubber, for we know of contracts for large outputs, to be delivered throughout 1910, having been made at 8s. a pound, and for delivery throughout 1911 at 6s. By no means slump prices these!

FISCALITIS.

Every intellectual energy is bent upon the effort to discern what effects will be made upon markets by the return to power of one party or the other. The Stock Exchange, of course, is fiercely Protectionist, and so a large majority of members foresee nothing but gloom and depression if the Liberals come back to office. Our own view we stated two or three weeks ago, and adhere to the opinion that the plurality of either party is likely to be small, and therefore that markets can afford to regard the outlook with equanimity. In the Consol Market, however, we hear Consols talked to 80 and to 90 as the Free Traders or the Protectionists, respectively, are victorious. Home Railway stocks, according to one prophet, will fall five per cent. all round, or gain ten, according to the voting. American and foreign Government bonds, we are assured, would boom on the triumph of the Liberals, while South American Rails might tumble if the Unionists won, because of the check that a tariff on wheat would impose upon trade in the Argentine Republic. The effect upon business as a whole is expected to be good or bad, according to the defeat or victory of the present Government, but then things do not always come up (or go down) to expectation.

TO GET GOOD INTEREST.

Five per cent. on your money, with a minimum of risk, is not to be despised; and how to get it is an object of earnest search with a good proportion of capitalists, large and small. Maybe there is one way which does not suggest itself at first sight, and that is the taking-in of stocks and shares for the markets. Supposing you take up a hundred Gold Coast Amalgamated at 5, lending £500, plus £2 12s. 6d. for the stamp and fee. You can depend with practical certainty on getting at least 5 per cent. per annum, from fortnight to fortnight, and probably you will receive 5½ per cent., or even more. The loan runs from one account to the next, and can be terminated at any Stock Exchange settlement. "Differences" will arise out of the various making-up prices, but they do not affect in the slightest degree the ultimate settlement, and you hold the certificate of the shares as security, without having the risk which actual proprietorship involves by reason of fluctuations in price. It is just a good way to get good interest.

THE WEST AFRICAN GAMBLE.

As things have turned out, it was no difficult matter to give profitable tips in the Jungle Market a month or two ago, and we may venture humbly to hope that readers of these columns were not backward in helping themselves to shares indicated as likely purchases. Now the question arises as to what one ought to do at the present juncture. Our friends in the market are as bullish as ever—if not more so, and we are implored to buy Gold Coast Amalgamated, Fanti Mines, and Little Presteas. It is always the case that a big rise brings such advice in its train, but on the present occasion an operator needs to work very cautiously, because on actual merits the rise is not wholly justifiable. Therefore, we are constrained to suggest that taking at least some of the profit will turn out, in the long run, to be the best course, while part of the shares held can

be retained in case of the professionals putting prices higher. But Fanti Mines and Abbontiakoons might both be held, or even bought, as sheer speculations, notwithstanding their present prices.

TEA-CUM-RUBBER COMPANIES. II.—THE CEYLON TEA PLANTATIONS COMPANY.

I gave you some particulars last week as to the excellent prospects of the *Anglo-Ceylon and General Estates Company*: it will not be necessary to go at length into the past history of the *Ceylon Tea Plantations Company*, for your regular readers will know that this Company's shares have been recommended here since they were half their present price. I will confine myself, therefore, to an attempt to estimate what the future profits of this great Plantation Company may be on a thoroughly conservative basis. The result will be found summarised in the table at the foot of this article, and it is only necessary to explain the grounds on which these anticipations are founded. The profits of the Company have up till now been practically altogether derived from their tea estates, which enabled them to pay 15 per cent. per annum for twenty-one consecutive years, and for 1908 20 per cent. During the same time, and mainly out of profits, 2258 acres were planted with cocoanuts, and 4482 acres were planted with rubber. The cocoanuts have gradually been coming into bearing, and should contribute more largely in the future to the annual revenue. Prices of cocoanut products are at present much higher than a year ago. On the whole, it seems quite reasonable to expect an average annual profit of £50,000 from these two sources. The directors propose to acquire a further 2000 acres to be planted with tea, and, if this is done, the ordinary capital will be increased to £200,000, and in the summary below I have assumed that the capital will stand in future years at that figure. The cost of bringing the young rubber into bearing has already been provided for. As stated above, there are 4482 acres planted with rubber trees, of which 2104 acres are in separate clearings, and 2378 are interplanted in low-country tea estates. The total number of trees planted at Dec. 31, 1908, was 760,753, of which 123,663 were over 9 in. in girth. These trees will come into bearing rapidly in the course of the next few years, and I have computed that by 1915 there will be 4000 acres in full bearing, that is, producing an annual crop of 250 lb. to the acre. It is quite possible that this estimated rate of production will be exceeded. Cost of placing the rubber on the market has been taken at 1s. 3d. per lb., until the estates are in full bearing, and 1s. per lb. afterwards. It is likely that the actual cost of production will be brought down in time to 8d. or less per lb., and in this connection Ceylon will have a decided advantage over the Malay Straits, owing to cheaper labour. The item which cannot be gauged is, of course, the price of rubber. Rubber crops of 1911 are now being sold as high as 6s. per lb., and most authorities are of opinion that rubber will not fall below 3s. per lb. for many years to come, as, below that price, Brazilian wild rubber will barely pay for collection.

The present price of Ceylon Tea Plantation Ordinary shares is £5½.

	Estimated Rubber Crop.	Estimated Sale Price, Per lb.	Estimated Cost, Per lb.	Estimated Profit on Rubber only.	Estimated Average Profit on Tea and Cocoanuts.	Total Profits.	Estimated Dividend on Ordinary Shares.
		s. d.	s. d.	£	£	£ s. d.	s. d.
1908	25 738*	4 7½*	—	—	—	51,557 10 4*	4 0*
1909	50,000†	6 3	1 3	12,500	50,000	62,500 0 0	5 0
1910	100,000	6 3	1 3	25,000	50,000	75,000 0 0	7 0
1911	200,000	5 3	1 3	40,000	50,000	90,000 0 0	8 6
1912	400,000	3 9	1 3	50,000	50,000	100,000 0 0	10 0
1913	600,000	3 3	1 3	60,000	50,000	110,000 0 0	10 6
1914	800,000	2 9	1 3	60,000	50,000	110,000 0 0	10 6
1915	1,000,000	2 6	1 0	75,000	50,000	125,000 0 0	12 0

* Actual.

† Official estimate.

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1910.

Q.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHOWBENT.—The Insurance Company is a respectable and, we believe, sound concern, but not large.

A REGULAR READER.—(1) The life of this Company is long, and the shares not overvalued. (2) This Company is not a mine, but a land concern. (3) Boksburg and Vereeniging might, perhaps, suit for what you want.

T. F. B.—The Preference seem to us the better of the two, and quite a good speculation.

TIED.—San Paulo (last Loan) or Rio Janeiro 5 per cent. Bonds (also last Loan) would suit you, or some Trust Preference stock, such as Indian and General or Alliance.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick, Domino should win the Purley Steeplechase, Park Keeper the Timberham Hurdle, Mars III. the Clayton Steeplechase, Abelard the Grand Steeplechase, and Tibet Chief the Maiden Hurdle. At Haydock, Varlet should capture the Makerfield Steeplechase, Ballymac the Warrington Hurdle, and Flutterer the January Steeplechase. At Plumpton, Egret may win the Streat Hurdle, The Whelp the Southern Steeplechase, and Sandy Hook the Plumpton Hurdle.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Parliamentary Petrol Representation.

A list of the names of the members and associate members of the Royal Automobile Club who are candidates for the forthcoming General Election is given in the R. A. C. *Journal* for the 30th ult. They number 212 in all, and, with luck, should provide automobilism with something approaching adequate representation in the coming Parliament. Just how many members of the Motor Union, the Automobile Association, and independent automobile clubs are also soliciting the suffrages of their countrymen I cannot say; but if they are in anything like the same proportion, the next House of Commons should be fairly petrolic. Anyway, the coming Parliament cannot be so motorphobist as was that just passing away; so motorists may look, amongst other things, for some amelioration of their lot. The promise of an inquiry into magisterial and police persecution would carry many votes.

Preparation of Election Cars.

Doubtless many politically keen motorists contemplate lending their cars to their chosen representatives on polling-day, and I am bound to say that, so long as they make certain their man is sound on petrol questions, I think they are doing the State a service. But electioneering work is more

than rough, and the enlightened voter regards the dainty car sent for his conveyance to the polling-booth as a public conveyance, wherein and whereon he may hold himself at his ease. Also, if the car bears its candidate's colours, it is certain to become a target for the missiles of the opposition whenever it is driven through districts which favour the other side. Consequently, the car-owner who is wise should refuse, pusillanimous though it may seem, to drive under the flag, and see that his cicerone displays no hat-ribbon or rosette. Likewise, the car should be dismounted of lamps, speedometer, hood and screen, else the last state of that vehicle may be considerably worse than the first.

An English Antoinette.

It is pleasing to report still further progress with the Aviation Ground at Brooklands, for no fewer than twelve "hangars"—if that is the correct term for an aeroplane shelter—are in course of construction. An amateur aeroplane, Mr. H. I. D. Astley, has already housed there a monoplane of his own design and construction, which follows somewhat on the lines of Santos-Dumont's Antoinette, being but twenty-four feet from tip to tip of its single planes, and about the same in length. The New Engine Company, who are famous for building one of the most, if not the

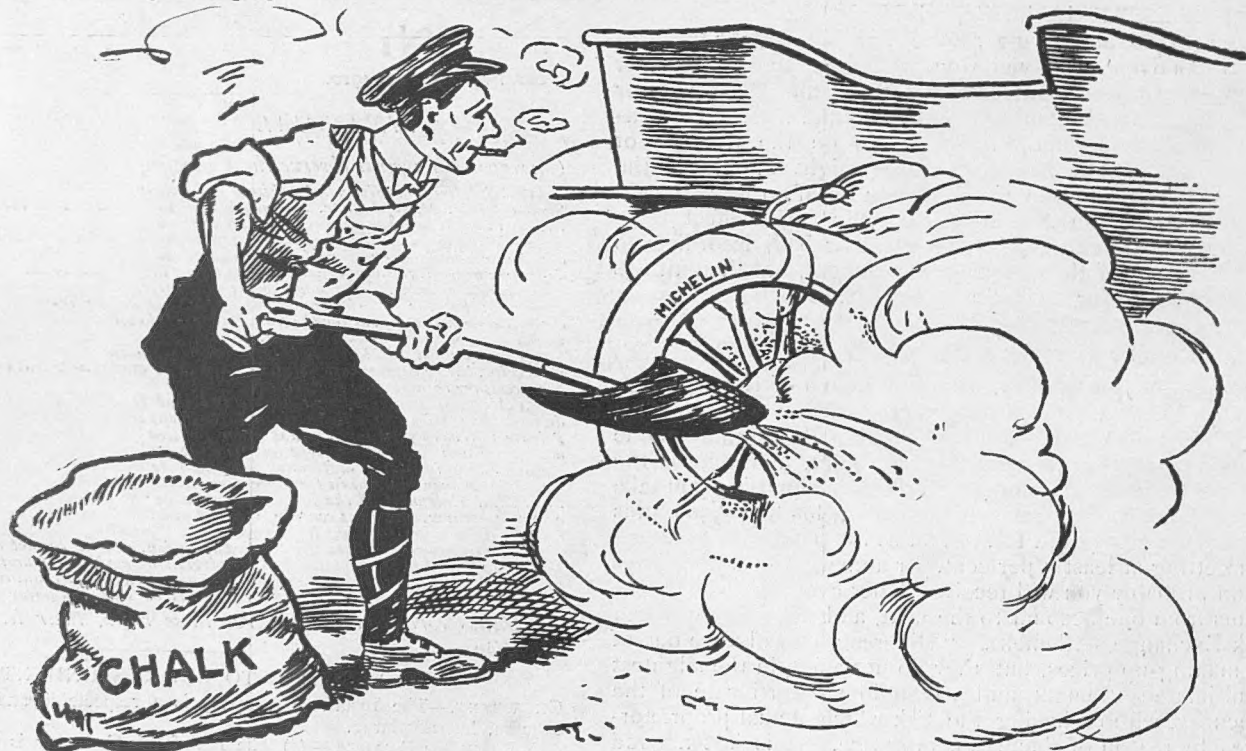
most, luxurious motor-cars in the world, have supplied Mr. Astley with one of their superb 40-h.p. engines, which ought to be amply powerful for so small a plane.



MOTERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA: A TWO-TON DAIMLER CROSSING A STREAM ON 9-IN. PLANKS 15 FT. LONG.

The old coach road to Albany, silent for years, is now attracting the motoring public, and Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Robinson, in their Daimler car, recently went by it from Perth to Albany. At the Crossman River (the bridge being broken) the car had to traverse a span of 13 ft. across 9-in. by 3-in. jarrah planks 15 ft. long. As the car weighs two tons, the planks were subjected to a very heavy strain.

The Michelin Tyre Company's Series of Pictorial Post Cards.



Sad things unto this fellow's tyres befell,
He used French Chalk not wisely but too well.

COUPON.

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Cut out this Coupon and send with Name and Address to the Michelin Tyre Co., Ltd., Sussex Place, South Kensington, London, for their first series of Pictorial Post Cards.



Name

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Car No.

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